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Dallas







THE KNIGHTS:

TALES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE MARVELLOUS.

q.c.

BY R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

1

Her husband's to Aleppo gone—
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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1808.

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TO MR. PRATT.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I first took up the pen to attempt a work of Imagination for the public eye, before I had written half a volume, I laid it aside, from a persuasion that I should never produce a whole one, which the world would deem worth reading. After perusing the part I had written, you gave it your *fiat*; and predicted that I should become voluminous. Your prediction has been verified; I have poured a stream of

ink over I know not how many reams of paper, and I wish to dedicate a portion of that stream to the friend who at its spring foresaw its course: I hope the part that has now meandered through *Fairy Ground* will not be unacceptable to him.

What though your pen has never descended to Fairies and Magicians ; what though you have ever confined the true pictures of a fine imagination to Nature and the Muses, and have even for some time past relinquished Fiction, to become the GLEANER of agreeable and useful truths ; I know you will nevertheless read the following pages with your usual good-nature ; and if you should
even

DEDICATION.

vii

even discover nothing in them to satisfy your understanding, you will at least find in the offering a seed of gratification for your heart, by the warmth of which it will be expanded to a pleasing flower of friendship.

I am, dear Sir,
Your sincere friend,
and obedient Servant,

R. C. DALLAS.

Chelsea,
Feb. 20th, 1808.



P R E F A C E.

HAVING written Tales illustrative of the *Simple* and the *Surprising*, I consented to try my pen on the *Marvellous*. I found my mind ill suited to the attempt ; but having undertaken it I resolved to persist in it, and I have not scrupled to borrow largely from foreign sources.

The *Marvellous* being in itself an evident dereliction of truth, is no fit vehicle for sober sentiment or grave satire ; it is therefore often without moral, and, in that case pleasing only to children, or to childish minds. But it admits of the
lighter

lighter species of satire, and may be made the vehicle of a ridicule to expose folly, and so far to serve virtue. In this light, I trust, these volumes will appear ; and, indeed, I had utility so much at heart, that, in one part, I insensibly introduced a mixture of allegory, which afforded a new opening for moral lessons : it will be seen that the Knight Errantry of the second Tale is a mere frame for the allegorical episode, and satirical Fairy Tale, it contains.

There are different ways to the heart : men may be laughed into a sense of right, who would not be shamed into the correction of vice ; and probably many will take up *The Knights* for amusement, who perhaps class my former Novels with tedious sermons. With all the defects, then, of these volumes, and they have many, I am mistaken if they find not a greater

greater number of readers than their predecessors. I own myself, however, to be more solicitous to reconcile the friends of *Percival*, *Aubrey*, and *Morland* to these illustrations of the marvellous, than about any additional number of readers; and I therefore entreat them not only to determine upon indulgence, but to unbend their minds to the *badinage*, if I may be allowed a French term, which constitutes the greater part of the entertainment proposed in the following pages.

This work, from various causes, has long lain in an unfinished state, though for many months the property of Messrs. LONGMAN and Co., whose kindness in general, and whose patience in this particular instance, deserve my best acknowledgements, which I feel great satisfaction in making thus publicly.



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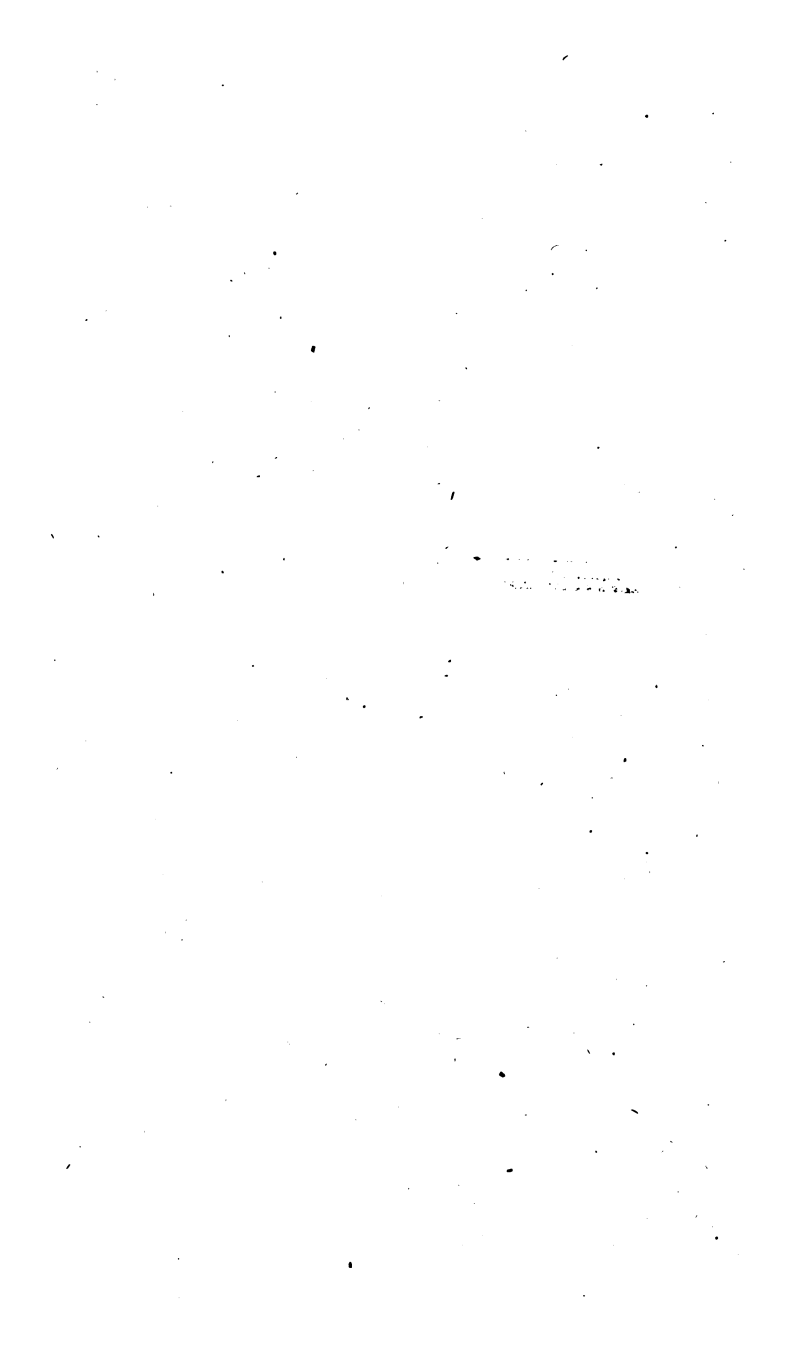


THE
KNIGHT OF TOURS;

A TALE

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE MARVELLOUS.



THE KNIGHT OF TOURS.

CHAP. I.

Come on, poor babe!
Some powerful spirits instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say
{ Casting their savageness aside } have done
Like offices of pity.

SHAKSPEARE.

ASIA was on fire : the Christian world, animated with religious zeal, was eager to deliver Palestine from the infidel nations that profaned it. Europe in arms covered the sea with her ships and the land with her armies ; but of the Powers

VOL. I.

B

who

2 THE KNIGHT OF TOURS.

who nobly yielded to the holy ardour, the most formidable efforts were made by France.

To the vexation of seeing the Holy Land oppressed, was added the resentment excited by the remembrance of the insults formerly offered by the Saracens to the empire of the Lillies. Philip, who filled the French throne, burnt to humble the pride of the Crescent, and the powerful vassals of that august monarch united with equal ardour in the execution of his glorious designs. ,

Sigismond, the Count of Tours, summoned the nobility of Touraine to arms. Never did the French nobility need excitement to glory ; scarcely was the will of the prince proclaimed by his heralds, when several thousand foldiers, and many knights of illustrious birth and valour, ranged themselves under the banner of Tours.

The golden cross which sparkled on their vestments announced the motive that assembled them, and their spirited mein bespoke the prodigies to be performed by their valour. The Count of Tours put himself at their head. The pride and pleasure of commanding such a noble body of men appeared in his air and on his countenance: yet, animated as were his looks, a certain gloom accompanied their fire; a secret sorrow preyed upon his heart. Pleasure, pomp and plenty surround the great, obedience and respect await them, submission and devotion are at their feet; how is it then that cruel cares, and pale solitudes, and consuming griefs still find avenues to their souls?

The Count had but one daughter, an only child, whom nature and education had conspired to render accomplished. She was the pride of his heart and the idol of his

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subjects. The prejudices of birth prevented any man not descended from a sovereign branch from aspiring to her hand ; but love, who mocks these prejudices and the arbitrary laws of pride, who strengthens by opposition, and who finds nourishment in tears, exerted his power on the heart of the princess, and rendered it sensible of the extraordinary merit of a simple knight, who had been her page : the unfortunate Hippolita, convinced of the impossibility of becoming the wife of Egremont, became the mother of his son.

About two years previous to this event, Sigismond had espoused Sybilla, an avaricious, aspiring, jealous, cruel woman. She had one son, on whom was placed all the love she was capable of feeling, and for whom she secretly destined the hand of Hippolita and the sovereignty of Tours : but Nature, who had other designs, inspired the lovely princess
with

with an invincible aversion to the fierce Dagobert, which she had not art enough to conceal. The mother and son, alike enraged, turned their thoughts upon the means of taking revenge for the unpardonable prejudice so fatal to their views and so offensive to their pride.

In order to avoid the importunities of Dagobert, Hippolita had, for a considerable time, under pretence of ill health, confined herself to her own apartments : warned by her feelings of her increasing state, she by degrees banished from her presence as many of her attendants as she prudently could, and Violetta her confidante, with Annette her nurse, the only persons entrusted with her secret, took every precaution to prevent a discovery ; but, alas ! the fatal moment must arrive, and Hippolita gave birth to the offspring of an indiscreet and hapless love. It is the misfortune of the great to be constantly

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watched, and enmity and jealousy are too clear-sighted : Sybilla was apprized of the Princess's situation ; and instantly flew to the Count with the intelligence of it.

Having, with all the bitterness of language of which she was mistress, revealed the mystery of his unhappy daughter, she concluded with saying : “ this, Sir, this is
“ the reason of the contempt with which
“ my son Dagobert has been treated ;
“ such is the rival to whom he was sacrificed, and your fondness for a daughter
“ so unworthy of your love has blinded
“ you to her guilty conduct.”

Sigismond was too much agitated to make any reply ; the sparkling of his eyes, the trembling of his lips proclaimed the rage that fired his bosom. He called in his guards : “ Does the villain,” exclaimed he, “ does the villain who has
“ dishonoured me exist ! is he in my palace ! let him be torn limb from limb,
“ and

“ and given as a prey to vultures ! You
“ have heard my will ; go, find him,
“ wherever he is, here is my signet for
“ your admittance into every room, seize
“ him, drag him forth, and see that my
“ vengeance be accomplished.”

The guards obeyed as far as they could, but that was little, for their search was fruitless. The anxious Egremont had remained near his beloved Hippolita till her friend Violetta, having received his son and dressed it in clothes which the princess had hastily made from some of her own, deposited it in his arms. The first consideration was how to rescue this precious charge from the danger that threatened it. A balcony of the Princess's apartment looked towards the moat of the castle, but at such a distance from the ground as to leave no hope whatever of escaping that way, till it occurred to Egremont to tie some sheets

B 4

together ;

8 THE KNIGHT OF TOURS.

together ; which being fastened to the balustrade lessened the difficulty, and facilitated the descent of the favoured lover, who, charged with the innocent pledge of unhallowed love, hastened from the sight of those walls within which, had he remained an instant longer, he must have perished.

While Egremont was flying, the Chevalier Tourville his friend sought the Count : “ Sir,” said he to Sigismond, “ I was the friend of Egremont while “ he was your servant, and while I considered him as a knight without reproach ; but the honour of being allied “ to you by blood does not allow me to “ hesitate a moment on the part I am to “ take : give orders to the guards to “ follow me, and leave the pursuit of the “ wretch to my care.”

Tourville’s conduct surprised the whole court : for, was it natural that Egremont’s

mont's bosom-friend should be so violent against him? Sigismond, however, conceiving that those who were about him must participate the emotions by which he was himself agitated, immediately conferred the command of his guard on Tourville, who without delay led them to the pursuit of the flying criminal.

While the Count of Tours was thus a prey to the most poignant grief, the trumpet was every where exciting the subjects of the French monarch to repair to his standards, and Fame proclaimed that that hero, at the head of a formidable army, was ready to embark in a fleet of five hundred sail, assembled in the Mediterranean near Arles. Sigismond was therefore under the necessity of marching immediately to join the camp of the Christian Princes.

“Madam,” said he to Sybilla, at the moment of his departure, “were it am-

" bition or policy that induced me to take
 " up arms, knowing what a sovereign
 " owes to his people, to his house, to
 " himself, and capable of despising vain
 " advantages, or, if necessary, winking
 " at an injury, I would relinquish my de-
 " signs rather than appear at the head of
 " the army with a dejected countenance,
 " and an aching heart, that can know no
 " comfort without you; and I should
 " prefer the most forbidding solitude to
 " the pomp of a court or the bustle of a
 " camp: but we are animated, Madam,
 " by a sacred interest which leaves us not
 " the choice of sacrifices; yet do not think
 " that, heedless of my glory, I mean to
 " forget an affront with which it has been
 " irrecoverably sullied by an ungrateful
 " villain. Guilt must be intimidated by
 " striking examples: this base seducer,
 " this mean fellow, who has been brought
 " up in my house, shall suffer death with
 " exemplary

“ exemplary horrors ; and the worthless
 “ object of his passion, deprived of the pri-
 “ vileges of her birth, shall be thrown into
 “ a dark and horrible dungeon, aban-
 “ doned for ever to remorse and shame.
 “ Farewell ! if I am dear to you take care
 “ of yourself, and attend to my ven-
 “ geance.” The Count was soon at a dis-
 tance from Tours, and the unfortunate
 Hippolita remained in the hands of her
 mortal enemy.

After the departure of Sigismond, the
 guard in obedience to his commands
 made a strict search for the lover of Hip-
 polita throughout Tours and the adja-
 cent villages : but nothing was equal to
 the activity of Dagobert on this occasion.
 Meanly jealous of the natural advan-
 tages of others, and of every species of
 merit, he had long conceived for Egre-
 mont a violent hatred, which on the dis-
 covery of Hippolita's love became im-
 placable :

placable : not that Dagobert loved the Princess ; for an emotion so noble was not suited to a heart so depraved : a prey to ambition, haughty, and full of himself, the competition of such a rival hurt his pride, and the preference obtained threw him into the most violent excesses of rage. Eager to discover Egremont, that he might deliver him up to the vengeance of Sybilla, he descended in the pursuit of his purpose to means for which the lowest of his satellites would have blushed.

A report was spread that a man on horseback had been seen on the road to Orleans, riding at a great rate, and carrying in a basket before him an infant whose cries had been heard by several people. Dagobert flew to the source of this report, which proceeded from some labourers who had been working in a field, and as their account was consistent,
there

there could be no doubt of their veracity ; on which, conceiving himself already master of his prey, he threw himself with the utmost speed into the road to which he was directed, followed by Tourville and the guard.

After a forced march of three hours the object pursued appeared in sight, and in a few minutes the cries of the infant were heard. The impatient Dagobert, trembling with joy, insulted in idea the enemy about to fall into his hands, shouted to the troop, and spurred his horse. The father and his child were soon overtaken.

Amiable Egremont ! thou paragon of lovers, and mirror of chivalry ! had chance directed thee to seek thy safety in the road to Orleans, thou must have been lost. The savage enemy of the accomplished lover of Hippolita surrounded with the guards a man very unlike the elegant youth whom he had devoted

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devoted to destruction, who now owed his security to an artifice of friendship, by which this unknown fugitive had been started to mislead his malignant pursuer.

When Egremont left the palace of Tours he took the direct road to Britany, of which he immediately informed his friend Tourville. The young man who carried the message was nearly related to Hippolita's nurse, and it happened that he had in the suburbs of the city a little brother, who, though some months old, was still in the cradle. Tourville engaged him to take his infant brother in a basket on horseback, and ride precipitately towards Orléans; and then, to insure the success of his stratagem, immediately went and offered his service to the Count, assuring him that he would never rest till the stain which had been cast on the family was washed out; an ambiguous phrase, which the noble Tourville

ville did not disdain to use in the ardour of friendship ; for he had indeed the reparation of Hippolita's honour at heart, but not such a one as required the blood of his dearest friend. Egremont had saved his life in battle ; he was besides allied by blood to Violetta, the amiable friend of Hippolita, who had inspired Tourville with an ardent passion which was most tenderly returned. Egremont, noble, generous, sincere, possessing manners frank, agreeable, prepossessing, was formed to make friends, and he might well expect every aid from Tourville, on whose heart he had such claims.

Nothing could equal the mortification of Dagobert when, on surrounding the horseman whom he had been pursuing so eagerly, he beheld a countryman with whose person he was intirely unacquainted, and was shown a child whose dress, appearance, and advanced infancy proved that

that it was not the one he was in search of. Mad at having lost his time in so fruitless a chase, the son of Sybilla vented a portion of his brutality on the shoulders of the poor peasant, indecently vociferated blasphemies against heaven, and with his troop returned towards Tours. He did not however enter the town, but, as if inspired by some evil genius, rode round the suburbs, and took the very way on which the lover of Hippolita was travelling.

Egremont, with all the new feelings of a father, anxious lest a rapid motion should hurt his precious charge, was proceeding in a pace by no means proportioned to the dangers that attended his flight. He looked at every object with suspicion; he listened attentively to the slightest noise: every thing alarmed him. He often stopped to ascertain the cause of the alarm, and continued his way on finding it groundless.

At

At length towards the close of day, being arrived on the banks of the Loire, as his eyes followed its course in the hope of discovering some boat to aid his flight, he perceived on the top of a hill, at the distance of about a mile from the spot where he stood, a troop of horse riding rapidly towards him.

He was now in an open plain, where it was impossible to conceal himself : unarmed as he was he could make no defence ; to return was to throw himself into hands of his enemies ; and to escape from them he had no alternative but to abandon his child, and swim across a broad, deep, and dangerous river.

How dreadful were his feelings, what torture did his heart endure when he perceived the threatening danger ! Again and again did he kiss his lovely boy, and bathe him with his tears. He now
went

went out of the road and laid him, in his little wicker bed, under a shrub to conceal him from the sight of his pursuers; but had no sooner done it than the cruel thought of his child's perishing for want of food agonized his soul: it was even better to expose him. He took him up, and having returned and placed him in the middle of the path, ran towards the Loire to choose the safest place for crossing. On the bank he looked back and saw the savages advancing to tear his son from him. Now he hoped that they might not know the infant, and now was convinced that the pieces of his mother's garments would betray him. He returned once more to the road, but in vain; he had no clothes to substitute for those he feared. He again took him in his arms, pressed him to his heart, and wept over him. Thus racked, he thought of attempting the rapid stream

stream with this beloved object ; but one or both must have inevitably perished.

The horsemen were now on the plain advancing full gallop, he had no more time to consider, fly he must or be lost : Egremont, at length, tore himself from his child, and, leaving him to the care of Providence, plunged into the river.

It was indeed Dagobert himself who still goaded by brutal instinct came flying on the wings of fury, and pushing on his horse so violently that his attendants could not keep up with him. He was within two hundred paces of the river when the earth gave way under him, and swallowed him up in sight of his followers, who saw him disappear.

However easily this event may be accounted for, it is perhaps no less wonderful than any of the prodigies recorded in the following pages ; for the interposition of Providence, however frequently
observed,

observed, must always be wonderful : though Dagobert had only fallen into a snare which some countrymen had laid for a wild beast, it was the protector of innocence that led him to it. The pit was deep, and the beast in human form, stunned by the fall which was rendered worse by the weight of his arms, lay senseless at the bottom. His attendants coming up and finding him in this situation, some remained with him endeavouring to bring him to himself, while others rode off to the nearest village for assistance.

At the same time Egremont was buffeting the ruffled current of the Loire, fatigued and almost exhausted ; but despair, which enfeebles the energy of common souls, seemed to have invigorated his. Night was just drawing her veil over the earth when he reached the other bank of the river.

It

It was in the beginning of the spring. The rays of the sun at noon possessed that active force which begins to awaken nature, but as yet the trembling year was unconfirmed, and winter oft at eve resumed the breeze, and chilled the morn.

Our young hero, lightly clad, wet to the skin, attacked at once by cold and hunger, went up to a lonely hut remote from the common roads: the door was open, but a dog stood at it to defend the entrance. The animal, however, soon grew mild, and Egremont entered the house where he found only two little children, who received him with smiles. Their tender age, their innocent looks, their beauty, reminded him of the treasure he had left behind him: he took them by turns into his arms, pressed them tenderly to his bosom, and kissed them a thousand times. His action and
the

the tears that bathed his cheeks infected the children, who repaid his caresses, and wept because he wept. In the midst of this affecting scene, their father, a poor fisherman, and their mother, who had been to assist him in bringing home his tackle, appeared at the door. As soon as Egremont perceived them he went up to them: "I am caressing your children," said he, "because they put me in mind of my own son. Yes, I am a father, but a most unhappy one, come confidently to request of you shelter for to-night, and a share of your food, what-ever it may be. Rest assured that my gratitude shall be proportionate to the need in which I stand of your kindness."

The good people, feeling for the state in which they beheld Egremont, and struck with the beauty, nobleness and grace of his person, did every thing they could

could to comfort him. They made a fire, they dried his clothes, they set all their provisions before him. Brown bread, a few fish, nuts, some dried fruits and milk made up the whole of the feast : but in the looks of the providers of it Egremont saw welcome, tenderness, and pity. Affected by their sensibility : “ Oh ! “ happy, happy mortals ! ” thought he, as he surveyed the family, “ unacquainted “ with the pompous names of mag- “ nanimity, elevation, high spirit, you “ are swayed by humanity ; possessed of “ little, you are ready to share it without “ interest and without fear. Sensible to “ the misfortunes of others, no show is “ necessary to excite your sympathy. “ You are not alarmed at the sight of a “ stranger ; you are not afraid of your “ fellow-creatures ; you have no apprehension of being robbed of your treasures, your only treasures, labour and “ innocence.

“innocence. Your love is unaccompanied with pain, you see the pledges of it growing up about you ; they will one day share your labour and relieve its weight ; they will be the support of your old age, they will close your eyes, and peaceably enjoy the inheritance you will leave them ; your simple manners.”—After these reflections, Egremont, having satisfied his hunger, and thanked the benevolent donors of the repast, threw himself on a bed of rushes in a corner of the hut, where he closed his eyes in vain, for the thoughts of the sufferings to which Hippolita remained exposed, and the danger of his child, preyed too painfully upon his heart to suffer him to sleep.

“Wretch !” said he, reproaching himself, “she entrusted him to you, and could you neither defend her, nor put him in a place of safety ! Perhaps
“he

" he has escaped the notice of our ene-
 " mies, and, deserted by me, will perish
 " this night from cold and hunger. Is
 " my life worth saving? Is there any
 " death equal to the remorse I endure,
 " any ignominy that can add to the
 " shame I feel? and do I think of
 " rest!"

Unable to support these reflexions the
 unhappy youth rose, stole gently out of
 the hut, ran to the-Loire, plunged in and
 swam across. Finding his way by the
 light of the stars, he flew to the spot
 where he had left his boy. Alas! he
 was no longer there; and the despairing
 father, once more crossing the river, re-
 turned to his rushes in the hut, where he
 passed the rest of the night in dreadful
 agitation.

He was heard by the honest fisherman,
 who went to him as soon as it was light,
 and made him an offer of his service in

so pressing and natural a manner, that Egremont thought he might depend upon him.

“ It is not necessary that I should tell
“ you my name,” said he to the fisherman; “ but go to Tours, where you
“ will find it in the mouth of every one.
“ Cross the Loire at the nearest place:
“ yesterday there came a body of horse-
“ men to the opposite bank, near which
“ a new born infant was left; endeavour
“ to learn what became of the child.
“ This you may do by listening to the
“ villagers, who are always ready to
“ talk of extraordinary things; but ask
“ no questions, as you would certainly
“ be suspected, and I would not for my
“ life endanger my benefactor. When
“ you arrive at Tours, inquire for a
“ person named Duval, who lives near
“ the palace and is well known: shew no
“ eagerness to see him, but go to him

“ as

“ as upon indifferent business ; give him
“ this ring, and say that you left his
“ friend embarking for Nantes. Duval
“ will ask you a number of questions,
“ and you must give him an account
“ both of your meeting with me, and
“ of what you may chance to learn on
“ the other side of the river.” He concluded with desiring his host to send back immediately the boat in which he was to cross the Loire, that it might serve him to continue his journey. The fisherman’s arrangement was soon made, he departed, and the boatmen returned : whereupon the Knight, assuring his hostess of his remembrance, placed himself at ease in his little bark on the surface of the stream with which he had lately struggled, but which now, favourable to his designs, wafted him in a few days to the walls of Nantes.

Steno, the son of Richard, was preparing to sail for the Crusade, at the head of the Barons of Britany, and the port was all in motion. Egremont, by making himself known to some of the inhabitants, easily found means to purchase horses and arms, and freighting a small vessel, was soon ready to join the fleet with two squires who were not previously acquainted with him.

He daily expected to hear from Duval, who was the father of his squire Menoncour, and whose attachment he could not doubt. It was natural to suppose that on receiving the fisherman's intelligence he would find means to transmit to Nantes supplies and an account of what had taken place at Tours; but, unfortunately, at the moment of Egremont's flight, Sybilla, not being able to secure Menoncour, had seized his father.

Prevented

Prevented by age, and trusting to his innocence, the old man did not think it necessary to make an attempt to fly: he was, however, arrested by order of the Countess, and strictly confined in prison.

While Egremont was in this state of suspense, the Breton fleet got under weigh, and he was obliged to sail, ignorant of the fate of all that was most dear to him. The ships, after a speedy and prosperous passage, anchored before Arles, the general rendezvous. Sigismond, with the troops from Tours, in consequence of forced marches, was already arrived, and every thing announced a speedy embarkation. The shore was covered with military stores and provisions for shipping; wherries, with streamers of different colours every where obeyed the summons given by the flourishes of trumpets and other warlike instruments; they flew through

the water, which foamed before them, and echoed the stroke of the oar : vying with one another for skill in rowing, dexterity in steering, and expedition in loading and unloading, they were seen crossing and mixing without disorder, sometimes pressed down almost to the water's edge by their burden, sometimes light and gaily flying for a fresh freight.

The shore was equally in motion. The lusty labourer bent beneath his load, the active officer gave his commands, and made endeavours to keep off the crowd that overwhelmed the plain and retarded the embarkation of the soldiers : endeavours that were long fruitless. Friends and brothers were not easily repulsed : despairing beauties, with the tears in their eyes, forced their way into the ranks to take another and another last look of the young warriors, who, on their part, were as eager to pledge again
their

their faith, and repeat new farewells : wives, dishevelled and bewailing themselves, rushed forward with their children once more to embrace their husbands and their fathers. Old men, and women were carried on by the throng, blessing their sons, and charging them to remember that, grown useless to themselves, they lived only in them.

At length the troops were all embarked, the anchors weighed, the sails unfurled, and the whole fleet got under weigh with a fair wind and fine weather, which continued to accompany the warriors along the coasts of Sicily and Crete : but scarcely were their hopes raised by a distant sight of the ramparts of Tortosa, when a sudden darkness overspread the sky, the wind became tempestuous, the sea rose, and the fleet dispersed. The ship in which the Count of Tours sailed was completely dismasted

by a whirlwind, refused to obey the helm, and floating at the mercy of the waves, struck on a rock and was dashed to pieces.

In this situation every one on board was anxious to save himself, and Sigismond, abandoned by his people, having no resource but in his own efforts, endeavoured to gain the shore by struggling with the waves. In a short time his strength failed him, the briny water of the ocean stopped the passages of his breath, a dark cloud came over the eyes of the unfortunate prince, and he gave himself up as lost. At this moment, though scarcely sensible, he felt a hand seize the collar of his tunic, and recovering by degrees, found himself on the beach, in the hands of an armed stranger, who was making every effort to recal him to life. At first Sigismond could only express his gratitude for such a service

service by his eyes: but when, having disgorged the water he had swallowed, and felt the re-vivifying influence of the sun's rays, he gradually recovered a little strength and the use of his tongue, he endeavoured to speak his sense of the obligation conferred upon him: "Generous mortal!" said he, "or rather guardian angel! why does your beauty ever conceal from me the features of my benefactor? Deny me no longer the happiness of knowing the Knight to whom I owe a life which I should glory in laying down for him." Sigismond stopped; the Knight hesitated long; at length he took off his helmet, threw it on the ground, and clasping his hands fell on his knees at the Count's side. Sigismond gazed with astonishment and horror.—"Yes, my Lord," exclaimed the Knight, "it is the wretched Egremont, he deserves death, he begs

“ it of you ——.” — “ Wretch !” cried
 the Count, raising himself from the
 ground to a sitting posture, “ after the
 “ cruel injury you have done me, after
 “ the shame you have cast upon me,
 “ have you also dared to follow and
 “ poison the air I breathe? I swear—
 “ I —.” Egremont did not give him
 time to finish his imprecation : shocked,
 depressed, and awed, he took up his
 helmet and hastened from the beach.
 “ Alas !” said he, as he withdrew, “ I
 “ know the Count is by nature gentle
 “ and generous; I, I am to blame; my
 “ weakness has ill requited his favours.
 “ Noble Sigismond, your resentment is
 “ just ; and were I alone unhappy, as I
 “ alone am guilty, far from shunning the
 “ effects of your anger I would provoke
 “ the blow, and my desperate hand
 “ should aid you to complete your ven-
 “ geance. Oh Hippolita ! oh my child!
 “ dear

“ dear objects of my soul! gladly would
“ I die, could my death be useful to
“ you. Heaven grant that I may one
“ day, by my actions, overcome the
“ hatred of the beloved enemy whose
“ prejudices I have to combat, and re-
“ store that peace of which I robbed you
“ all in a moment of weakness.”

CHAP. II.

Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magic flights
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion.

TOURVILLE, after Dagobert left him, led the guards from place to place, at a hand gallop, then dispersed them under pretence of rendering the search more general, and quitting them took the road to Angers, through the forest of Mont Grand, attended by a single squire.

The night came on, it was dark and cold, the squire shivered and spoke to himself through his teeth: "What's the
" matter,

“matter, Joey?” said the Knight, “you
 “don’t seem pleased.” “Nothing,
 “your honour!” replied the squire,
 “only I have got a little beyond the age
 “that is pleased with adventures. I
 “begin to like my case, and the road we
 “have taken tells me I shall have a bad
 “supper and a worse lodging. This
 “place has not a good name: it is said
 “to be haunted by spirits and goblins;
 “they tell strange stories about it.”—
 “Who believes such foolish tales?” said
 Tourville: “can you be afraid?”—“No
 “more afraid than other folks,” replied
 Joey; “the prudent man is not a coward:
 “we shall see.”

As they proceeded, the thickness of
 the forest increasing the darkness of the
 night, the travellers could not see the
 path before them, and were going to dis-
 mount, not being able to go on, when
 they suddenly saw a brilliant light at a
 distance,

distance, towards which they directed their steps.

Approaching the light, Tourville and his squire found themselves in a bower formed by the branches of some very lofty oaks; to which an airy, elegant pavilion was suspended. Under the pavilion they saw a table laid for two persons, with a clean damask cloth, and a supper as pleasing to the eye as tempting to the appetite.

In the situation of the travellers, their eyes could not have been blessed with a more agreeable sight. The ground was covered with a rich Turkey carpet. The furniture and sideboard bespoke delicacy, taste, and opulence; and the adventurers judged that the place in which this little feast was served must be prepared for people of distinction. They advanced, and were surprised to find nobody in the pavilion. They went
round

round it. All on the outside was dark, silent, and solitary. They went in: the victuals appeared dressed to a nicety: the savoury smell proved them to be delicious, and the dishes smoking hot shewed that they were but just served up. "We have certainly fallen into the hands of well-bred persons," said Tourville, "who, I have no doubt, will have pleasure in our partaking of this repast. You were rather uneasy, Joey, and thought I had no business to run after Egremont through this gloomy forest. Is this the mishap you prophesied? It begins pleasantly, you must confess."

"Sir," replied Joseph, "if it is to end with a supper, I don't care how soon the ending begins. Our noble hosts are long in coming, the nice bits will spoil. We are losing time, Sir, and, no offence to good manners, I think it would not be amiss if we were
" to

“ to cut this pie open. Here’s enough
 “ to satisfy four stomachs more ravenous
 “ than ours; there will be a plenty left
 “ in all conscience: and the worst come
 “ to the worst, you will only have to
 “ trump up a piteous story, and pay a
 “ few elegant compliments, with a few
 “ elegant apologies, to obtain pardon of
 “ these elegant personages. You know,
 “ Sir, how you shine on these occasions.
 “ I am certain they will be delighted
 “ with you for acting with such a gen-
 “ tleman-like freedom. As for me,”
 continued he, taking a loaf from a bas-
 ket and voraciously falling to with his
 teeth, “ I shall make such a hole in these
 “ pretty things, which cry come eat me,
 “ as shall distance any metaphor you
 “ may invent to illustrate the goadings
 “ of our hunger.”

“ You are a glutton, Joey;” said the
 Knight, taking a handful of olives.

“ Sir,”

“ Sir,” replied Joey, sticking his fork into a pigeon *au basilique*, “ if they call me a glutton, that’s all they can do. The wine is drawn, and iced ; will you be pleased to drink ?”

Tourville’s thirst being increased by the olives, he tossed off a glass, then took a chair, not exactly at the table, but a little aside, and put a ladle of cream on a plate, which he thought delicious. His squire, going up to him, declared he could not suffer him to eat without a napkin, and unfolding one spread it over his knees ; then begging him not to sit like a child, drew his chair round to the table.

The Knight and Squire were now seated *vis-a-vis* : and, yielding to the persuasions of appetite, regularly set to and attacked the dishes one after another in order. The wine was exquisite, glass after glass was swallowed, and so engaged
were

were the uninvited guests that they perceived not what was passing about them.

At length Joe, accidentally casting up his eyes, stared around, started from his seat, and running to one side, cried, "hollo! what's this, Sir? we are in a cage." Tourville rose, examined, and found it to be true. While they were feasting, the pavilion had disappeared, and a very handsome cage of strong brass wire double gilt had formed around them. As they were going to exclaim at this marvellous change, the cage was raised from the ground by means of a pulley to the branch of a tree, where it hung.

The master and man stared each other in the face. "We have made a good supper," said the latter, "I wonder how we shall digest it; wheugh! we are caught like a couple of birds. As yet, considering only the feast and our
"wires,

“wires, all is but gold and good cheer;
 “but I doubt, Sir, things will grow
 “worse. Was I in the wrong to sus-
 “pect this cursed wood?”

Tourville made no reply, Joseph, following his master's example, was silent, and both sat chewing the cud of reflection. By degrees the fumes of the wine, mounting into their head, put an end to their cogitations; they stretched themselves on the Turkey carpet, and fell fast asleep.

The day was far advanced, and the rays of the sun, every where piercing through the foliage of the trees, had long thrown the light of day into the cage of the sleeping Knight and Squire, when they were awakened by a noisy chattering and hearty bursts of laughter.

They sat up, opened their eyes, and rubbed them, yet thought they were still asleep, so much did every thing they saw look like a dream. Around the cage,
 which

which had been lowered to the ground, stood six females. They appeared to be of the human species, yet, except their neck, face, and hands, they were covered with feathers from head to foot. There was nothing disgusting in their countenance. The short, fine, and curly down, which grew on their head instead of hair, with a tuft like an egrette, over the forehead, formed altogether an agreeable *coiffure*. The arms, as far as the wrists, resembled wings, and the legs wore an appearance still more strange!*

They spoke all at once: "what pretty 'starlings!'" cried one. "How they 'have eat up' the bait!" said another, looking at the remains of the supper on the table. "A truce to your jokes!" said

* These ladies, it must be confessed, are not very unlike in person to the Syrens of antiquity; but the reader is requested not to confound them. They as truly existed in the heart of France as the daughters of Achelous on the coast of Sicily.

a third,

a third, who appeared to possess the greatest authority. Then, addressing Tourville ; “ Chevalier,” continued she, “ I shall restore you to liberty in the name of Strigillina, my mistress ; but on condition that you give me your hand to the palace, which is close by, and there rest yourself.”

The articles of capitulation were agreed to, and Tourville, followed by his Squire, walked towards the palace. He did not open his lips ; but beginning to be used to his adventure, which hitherto was attended with nothing disagreeable, he cast his eyes on the objects around him, and saw beautiful avenues, a fine country in high cultivation, purling streams, and elegant vistas ; in short all that bespeaks the residence of a person of taste and fortune : but as yet he was not in sight of the palace, which, when it appeared, by no means answered, at least in its form, the expectation raised by the approaches

proaches to it. It was an immense cage, flanked by four small ones, not unlike a tower and its four turrets.

On Tourville's entering the saloon where Strigillina was waiting for him, she rose, advanced a few steps with a kind air to meet him, and said: "Chevalier, " I know you will forgive me the innocent trick I have played you. When " compelled like me to live in retirement one is excusable in attracting " good company. Yesterday, in your " eagerness to continue your journey, " you forgot to satisfy the imperious " demands of hunger: I perceived your " situation, and relinquished to you a " supper at which no one was expected. " I thought it proper to keep out of " sight, as well to leave you entirely " unrestrained as to enjoy your surprise; " what followed was the effect of mechanism, with which I sometimes " amuse myself: but I intend to give " you

“ you your revenge, and you shall allow
“ me to convince you that I know what
“ is due to men of your merit and
“ quality.”

Tourville only bowed, and thanked the enchantress, for an enchantress she was, and examined her person. Her plumage had a slight tint of yellow like that of a canary-bird: she had a handsome face, a fine complexion, lips like vermillion, teeth of the most beautiful enamel, eyes dark, lively, and well shaped, yet she had something melancholy in her look. Her eyebrows, finely rounded, were hardly separated. Her smile had something arch in it, and the tout-ensemble of her features formed a countenance ingenious, keen, and licentious.

Tourville thought it prudent to be persuaded to spend the day at the palace. He sat down with his hostess to a dinner as delicate as it was abundant, but
he

he was still far from being at ease. Strigillina loaded him with attentions: "I see," said she, "your eyes find it difficult to accustom themselves to the singular appearances which strike them. Your anxiety and curiosity are very natural. There is a mystery, no doubt, in the objects around you, and you will make me happy if you will permit me to explain it freely to you; but we must wait till we are a little better acquainted with each other: prepossession is felt at first sight, but confidence must be gained gradually."

Embarrassment still hung upon the Knight's replies. The dinner was succeeded by music, walking, and a ball. The feathered court displayed talents of every kind: Strigillina was gay and graceful. After dancing there was a supper more splendid than the dinner, and attended with greater gaiety. Strigillina

gillina asked Tourville what he felt on finding himself encaged. " You must " compose a little work on the subject," said she.—" You look surprised, Chevalier : do you think you are unknown, and that the fame of your genius, spread throughout Europe, has not made its way to the forest of Montgrand ? Do you imagine there is nothing marked in your reception here, and that I esteem myself as much honoured by any other visit as by that of the noble and ingenious Tourville ?"

The Knight had talents for composition, and there was nothing he so much piqued himself upon as his writings. The well-directed compliment had its effect ; the Knight smiled and bowed modestly. " I hope," continued the beautiful Enchantress, " there is no impriety in requesting a sight of one of

“ those works so generally admired.” After allowing himself to be pressed for some time, Tourville took out his pocket-book. The company round the table were laughing and talking in parties, raillery and playful trifling amused their fancies, when a look from Strigillina awakened attention. The eyes of the audience were fixed, their mouths composed, their countenances full of expectation. The Knight, opening a manuscript and casting a look around the table to observe the general disposition, said: “ This, Madam, is one of the
 “ productions of my leisure: it cost me
 “ very little labour, and indeed I con-
 “ sider it but as a bagatelle.” He then read the following Allegory.

PLEASURE.—AN ALLEGORY.

“ The smiling God of Pleasure had his whims like the other Gods, and was not
 always

always to be found in Olympus: he sometimes visited the earth, whither the Immortals themselves were constrained to pursue him.

“ When he quitted the celestial abodes, Ambrosia lost its flavour, nectar was insipid; bloom and sprightliness forsook Hebe; the Graces became languid, and Venus appeared to have lost her cestus: the vein of Apollo froze, and Momus’s *bon-mots* evaporated in froth upon his lips.

“ Once on a time, Pleasure having disappeared from heaven, Mercury hastened to pursue and carry him back. The Messenger of the Gods spread his wings, and in the twinkling of an eye alighted on the earth.

“ The splendour of a Court, and preparations for a feast worthy of sovereign magnificence first caught his attention.

The name of Pleasure was in the mouth of every one employed on the occasion, and it seemed to sparkle with impatience in the eyes of those who were waiting the moment of enjoyment.

“ On entering the vestibule of the palace, Mercury was met by Restraint and Ceremony, who came to receive him in form at the door. He immediately withdrew, satisfied that Pleasure could never have taken refuge among his mortal enemies.

“ The God next perceived, at a distance, the suburbs of a magnificent city, whose immense wealth had collected in profusion every sort of convenience, and where all the coveted superfluities of luxury were to be found : superfluities unknown to nature, taught by fashion, and rendered necessary by habit,

“ There were gardens laid out in the
most

most agreeable manner, delightful prospects, and elegant grounds, where the fresh air was always to be enjoyed.

“Innumerable objects, agreeably diversified, arose to excite life and spirits. In the crowd a thousand carriages vied in splendour and taste, while their drivers contended for skill, and the horses foamed on their curbs with impatience.

“In the multitude Mercury observed the genii of show and bustle covered with dust and perspiration, but he could see nothing of Pleasure. He sought him in the eyes of the beauties who graced these resorts: he found them vacant, or agitated with superficial and transient passions. “Perhaps,” cried the God, “he is in their hearts; I will follow them, I shall assuredly find Pleasure among them, for they seem made to create him.”

“He accompanied them and entered the theatre. The house was full of the

most elegant and fashionable of both sexes, impatient for the drawing up of the curtain. It rose; an interesting and animated drama was performed; delightful music, adapted to the subject, filled the time between the acts. The most graceful dancing succeeded, the decorations of the theatre were superb, and executed with taste; every part of the piece was supported by the first rate talents. What a hopeful combination of delight! Mercury depended upon seeing the God he was in quest of appear to animate the whole; but he was mistaken. Party, prejudice, and disgust, the offspring of habitual repetition, took possession of the company. The effect of a slight emotion was just visible on the countenance of a girl, who was accidentally at the play for the first time.

“Overhearing engagements made for supper, Mercury resolved to continue his search

search in the supper-rooms. In an adjoining chamber he perceived a group of antiquated damsels, maidens, widows and neglected wives, with whom sat a pale, lean personage of the other sex. Their countenances were so pregnant with delight that Mercury, though at first he doubted, suspected it not impossible to find the Deity he was in pursuit of hid in this party: and his suspicions were augmented when, on approaching, he observed something moving under the folds of the drapery of a maiden lady who was speaking. She was dissecting a character. The invisible God could not believe that Pleasure would be found in company with Envy and Slander, yet there was something so like him on the faces of this group, that he resolved before he left them to see if it was not the little divinity himself, that from beneath was gently undulating the robe of the

chief speaker. Passing his caduceus round the pallid gentleman, he softly raised the gauze flounce, and saw two round fiery eyes: in an instant a cur darted from his resting place, and with a yelp nearly snapped off one of the fingers of the little male slanderer. The scintillations of delight arise from the corruption of the heart, as phosphoric glimmerings irradiate from putrification, or as hysteric laughter sometimes proceeds from sorrow. Mercury flew to the supper.

“ An elegant room, delicious fare, select company, proclaim an excellent feast. The company, already intoxicated, take their seats at table: and now what does Mercury see and hear? A frigid attempt at mirth, premeditated blunders, affected voices, and studied phrases. A few random witticisms serve to keep the party alive. The dishes are almost all removed untouched; the basis of indigestion

gestion had been laid at dinner, and every one tells his neighbour in confidence that he is in pain from over eating. Now for the masquerade.

“ Here none but the gods themselves, or a man of fashion, could have undergone what Mercury did! What a crowd of masks! What whimsical dresses! What unmeaning questions! The God saw jaded votaries every where; “ but “ where,” cried he, “ where is Pleasure? “ I hear a grand concert, perceive brilliant lights, and see fashionable people “ dancing to be admired. Here are “ actresses endeavouring to attract notice, “ loungers seeking intrigues, and busy- “ bodies watching to detect them. I “ see people tormenting themselves and “ others; but where is Pleasure?”

“ Two young lovers appeared to avoid the crowd; they seemed amiable.—

“ They must be happy,” said Mercury ;
 “ I am near the end of my embassy, for
 “ with these shall I certainly discover my
 “ little celestial truant.” The lover
 talked of dress, and descanted upon the
 beauties of the building : his mistress
 rallied him ; he made impudent advances,
 and was repelled, but without energy :
 an assumed modesty yielded to real ef-
 frontery, a mock altar was raised to
 Love, and Virtue was sacrificed. Mer-
 cury, though no bashful God, was scan-
 dalized, and turning away, quitted the
 temple of motley votaries.

“ Chance now directed his steps to a
 house well lighted up, frequented by the
 lower order of mortals : he entered, but
 was almost in despair. After a supper,
 more solid than delicate, the people were
 getting drunk without taste or sentiment.
 Pleasure, whom Mercury was pursuing,
 equally

equally shuns the affected manners of fashion, and the noisy merriment of the vulgar: he was not at this place.

“ At length the shades of night dispersed, and at the rising of the sun, Mercury found himself in a smiling country, surrounded by the beauties of nature. He moved thoughtfully towards a little village, where he instinctively entered a cottage covered with thatch, and saw Edwin and Jesse.

“ Edwin was turned of twenty, and Jesse was not quite eighteen. Nature had formed their persons in her most perfect moulds, and the Gods had endowed them with souls at once completely susceptible, and completely innocent. They were in love with each other, and on the point of marriage.

“ They blushed on seeing Mercury, and were perplexed with tender doubt. The fear of being parted was rising in
D 6
their

their hearts, which he withdrew to prevent. In their looks he had caught a glimpse of the God he was seeking, whom it behoved him not to frighten, but to watch and surprise.

“ Mercury pretended to retire, but turning suddenly round, surprised the God of Pleasure on a bed of moss and roses, and once more feeling the charm of his presence, raised him, bound him, and led him back to heaven.

“ Yet Pleasure did not wholly abandon Edwin and Jesse : the Gods permitted him frequently to visit their simple cot, nor was his influence ever totally interrupted, but in their absence from each other.”

Tourville having finished his allegory, Strigillina and the ladies of her Court lavished the most unbounded applause upon him. His spirits were raised, he
became

became good humoured, and at the conclusion of the repast thought it but too short. He handed the flattering Enchantress to her apartment, and then retired to that which was prepared for him.

“ Really,” said he to his Squire, as soon as they were alone, “ the feathers
 “ excepted, these women are very well
 “ bred, and have great taste : what think
 “ you, Joe ? ” — “ Why, Sir,” replied
 the Squire, “ I know nothing of breed-
 “ ing or taste ; but I think we shan’t die
 “ of hunger in this place ; and if your
 “ pocket-book be but tolerably stocked,
 “ you wont die of the vapours.” —
 “ What ! you observed then, Joe, eh ! ”
 cried the Knight ; “ do you think they
 “ were pleased, eh ! ” — “ Oh yes, Sir,”
 replied Joe, “ they thought your verses
 “ mighty fine.” — “ My verses ! you
 “ fool you ! it was a prose piece I read
 “ to

“ it will be an easy matter for us to
 “ grope our way out of the place we
 “ are in.”

“ I must, I must hasten away,” cried
 Tourville, “ to make up for the time
 “ lost, and to avoid civilities which I can
 “ never return.” Saying which he took
 up his arms, and Joe having hurried on
 his cloths, they issued forth in the dark.
 Nor had they any difficulty in getting
 their horses, which they mounted, and
 took the first road that presented itself in
 the obscurity of the night.

“ All the neighbourhood hereabouts,”
 said the Knight, “ must be inhabited,
 “ and if we do lose ourselves we shall
 “ meet with people at day break to put
 “ us in our way.” On this he pushed
 on, and the squire followed, without say-
 ing a word.

They kept on a brisk trot for about
 two hours, when the twilight began to
 enable

enable them to discern objects, though confusedly.

They rode along the walls of a park which appeared to be very extensive, and passed by buildings that seemed to be the offices of some large mansion. Proceeding a little farther they found themselves at the gates of a palace which they could not mistake. It was Strigillina's.

"We must certainly have turned out of the road we first took," said Tourville, "which could never have brought us back here: but, thank Heaven, the sun is rising, and we shall not lose our way again."

The travellers now took a road which was cut through a very thick forest, which the rays of the sun could not pierce, nor did it appear possible to turn aside in it. At length, after an hour and a half's gallop, the forest began to open, a cultivated country appeared, and the
travellers

travellers found themselves in an avenue leading to a palace. . It was Strigillina's.

“ Lord ! lord ! ” said the squire, “ shall we never lose sight of this cursed cage ? ” — “ Look , ” said Tourville, “ we are now in the road by which we arrived here yesterday ; I don't know how it happened that I did not recollect it sooner ; let us go back, and we shall find the path leading to the pavilion where we passed the night before last. There it is.” Confident it was the same, the Knight immediately turned into it, saying to his Squire, “ Now I think we shall soon be out.” — “ You, Sir,” replied Joe, “ think we shall, and I wish we may.”

After two hours hard riding, the master and man found themselves on a broad road approaching some habitations. They heard the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks, the neighing of horses ;

horses ; at last they came to a large stable, and knew them to be those belonging to the palace of Strigillina.

The sun had already performed half his course, the Knight and Squire had exhausted their patience, the horses were tired. In this state a little page, feathered like a starling, went up to Tourville. " Noble Knight," said he, " you have had a long ride ; it is time for you to take some rest and refreshment : my mistress is waiting for you."

Tourville and Joe stared each other in the face with no little degree of contortion. " What's to be done?" said the Knight. " Truly," replied the Squire, " we have one choice left ; to go in quietly, and be fully satisfied that we never shall leave this place, till it is the will and pleasure of the lady of it that we should."—" What !" cried Tourville, " do you pretend to say that there is any
" intention

“intention to keep me here in spite of
 “my teeth?”—“I pretend to nothing,”
 said Joe; “but you must have been
 “very absent if nothing has struck you :
 “the lady has very expressive eyes ; then
 “the marked attentions paid you, and
 “fulsome praises lavished on you !”
 “Well then ;” said Tourville, “the
 “sooner an explanation takes place the
 “better.” He alighted, and having
 given his horse to his Squire, returned
 to his apartment, where he left his arms,
 and then went to wait on Strigillina. His
 manner was cold and constrained.

“Surely, Chevalier,” said the En-
 chantress, “you must have doubted the
 “abilities of my cooks : for I presume
 “it was for the purpose of getting an
 “appetite that you went out so early to
 “take the air. I thought that as you
 “stood in need of rest you would not
 “have gone out this morning, or I
 “should

“ should have ordered my dogs out
 “ to afford you the diversion of the
 “ chace.”

Tourville returned her civilities by some unmeaning expressions, and dinner was soon after served. Strigillina exerted herself to render it agreeable, and insinuated to the Knight a plan of the life he might lead, if a residence at the palace were agreeable to him. If he loved reading, he would be supplied with rare and curious manuscripts. If he was fond of music or theatrical entertainments, he would find about him talents suited to the various kinds of them, and particularly people unrivalled in decorations and machinery.

To these offers, and a thousand allurements which accompanied them, Tourville thought it incumbent upon him to reply in a serious manner. “ Your palace, Madam,” said he, “ possesses all
 7 “ that

“ that can charm a man of taste, deli-
 “ cacy, and sensibility : heaven grant
 “ that I may one day have it in my
 “ power to come and resign myself to
 “ the tranquil and delightful life you
 “ offer me, and testify the unbounded
 “ gratitude I feel for a reception replete
 “ with such goodness ! But at this time
 “ I shall confine myself to obtaining only
 “ one favour of you. The most im-
 “ portant duties, the dearest interests
 “ called me into Britany at the time
 “ when the fortunate occurrence, to
 “ which I owe the happiness of your ac-
 “ quaintance, took place. Permit me
 “ to pursue my journey : permit ——”

The Knight had not time to finish his
 speech, a moisture overspread the eyes
 of Strigillina, a sudden paleness expelled
 the roses from her cheeks, and she flew
 to her room to conceal her vexation
 and confusion.

Surprised

Surprised and disconcerted, Tourville went into the garden to speak to his Squire, but had scarcely advanced half a dozen steps when he was overtaken by Badine, the Enchantress's confidante. "Excuse me, Knight," said she, "if I break in upon your meditations; but really, Sir, you seem to me to treat us very cavalierly. You cannot but observe what pleasure your company creates here, yet you think of nothing but leaving us."

"Madam," replied Tourville, "I am very sensible of the value of the reception with which I have been honoured, as well as of the happiness I forego, but duty —" "Away with such a pretence!" cried Badine: "I have a word for your ear calculated to banish the remembrance of duties far more important than those you conceive incumbent on you. My mistress loves

“ loves you —.” “ Indeed ! then am I
 “ very wretched.” “ Wretched !” ex-
 claimed Badine : “ am I awake ? Well ! it
 “ must be owned that nothing is so de-
 “ ceitful as report ; for, from what I
 “ have heard of you, I never should
 “ have thought that a declaration of love
 “ from a pretty woman could have made
 “ you wretched.”

“ It is because I cannot return it,
 “ Madam, that I am unhappy,” said
 Tourville : “ to be wanting in my duty
 “ is to be wanting to myself ; and in
 “ this instance it would be attended with
 “ a falsehood, and a breach of friend-
 “ ship.”

“ I think I understand you,” replied
 Badine : “ in the first place, you imagine
 “ that a certain person, whom you are
 “ going to look for where he is not,
 “ stands in need of you. Now, I can
 “ assure you that you have no cause to
 “ be

“ be uneasy on his account. In the next
 “ place, you are afraid of swearing to
 “ my mistress what you do not exactly
 “ feel: and pray how long have you
 “ been subject to such scruples? Swear,
 “ Chevalier, swear boldly, and I pro-
 “ mise you shall not long swear before
 “ your protestations become sincere. I
 “ am aware, notwithstanding your dis-
 “ sembling it, that there is something
 “ still at your heart. You have some
 “ low attachment: the young woman is
 “ said to be very handsome, her com-
 “ plexion extremely fair, set off with a
 “ fine colour, rather lively. You blush!
 “ are you surprised to find us so well in-
 “ formed of your concerns? or are you
 “ bashful? Are these the causes why
 “ you decline the happiness offered you?
 “ Come, Chevalier, be yourself, and do
 “ not for such trifling motives slight a
 “ fortune which thousands would envy :
 VOL, I, E “ do

“ do not abandon to the pangs of a
 “ fruitless and rejected passion a charm-
 “ ing woman who would sacrifice all to
 “ make you happy. I left her wretched
 “ and in tears, you are at liberty to go
 “ and wipe them away: consult your
 “ heart; think of Strigillina, it must be
 “ to her advantage. Write some tender
 “ verses on her. I must not conceal
 “ from you, that next to the gift of
 “ your heart, nothing could flatter her
 “ so much as the productions of your
 “ fancy.” Here Badine concluded,
 made a low curtesy, and withdrew.

Tourville continued walking for some
 time in silence with Joe, who had joined
 him almost at the same instant with Badine.
 At length the Squire broke silence.
 “ Pray, Sir,” said he, “ is it your opi-
 “ nion that this is the first essay of the
 “ young lady’s talents at intrigue? I own
 “ I think her in many respects rather
 “ too

“too skilful.” “Well!” replied the Knight, “what are we to do?” “Make verses, Sir, verses.” “I make verses!” cried the Knight pettishly, “this is not a time for jesting.” “I don’t jest,” replied the Squire, “you have so often made verses upon nothing, why not make some now that you have plenty of subject? fine eyes, love, sighs, passion, tears, upbraidings, and jealousy.”

“I make verses!” repeated Tourville, “I am in a fine mood for composing, truly.” “Well then!” said Joe, “don’t compose any, but look among your papers for some ready made, and make these serve the purpose by changing the name.”

“If you please,” said the Knight, in the same pettish tone: “pray look among my detached pieces, and if you find a copy of verses that I have made

“ on any gosling, you may write them
“ out fair and carry them to your feathered lady. You are silly; and I am
“ very unfortunate to have inspired this
“ ridiculous passion.”

“ Your greatest misfortune, Sir” replied the Squire, “ is not that of being
“ loved. This great love for you, and
“ all that’s said and done here, seem to
“ me to be dreams: and I can’t but say
“ I am somewhat apprehensive as to how
“ we shall wake out of them. I distrust
“ every thing, and I must be
“ foundedly afraid of dying of hunger
“ to eat here as I do.”

“ Come,” cried Tourville, “ let us
“ mount our horses again, and leave
“ this place immediately.” “ And do
“ you think, Sir, that you will see any
“ clearer than you did this morning?
“ Don’t you perceive that we are in a
“ labyrinth of which perhaps the devil
“ himself

“ himself only has the clue.” “ I must
“ speak to this woman,” replied Tour-
ville, “ and try to make her listen to
“ reason.”—“ No doubt, Sir, you have
“ found some women that have listened
“ to reason ;” said Joe, “ but I warrant
“ you that the one in question is only
“ disposed to listen to what her natural
“ inclinations, taste, or fancy, may dic-
“ tate : that’s the language you must
“ speak, if you would have her listen.
“ Bestow at least some flattering speeches,
“ whatever it may cost your candour,
“ and particularly take care to discard
“ from your manner the appearance of
“ so much reserve, which may keep the
“ lady on her guard against you. While
“ you are with her, I will walk round
“ the place : I suppose I shall be allowed
“ the liberty, for I am not worth no-
“ ticing, and perhaps I shall find a way
“ by which we may escape.”

Tourville at length resolved to go to the lady's apartment, and suffered himself to be led by the hand by Badine to her bedside.

Meanwhile Joe walked down the garden, and was just going into the fields ; when casting his eyes towards the palace, he was not a little surprized to meet those of his master, who was walking on a narrow terrace in front of his apartment.

The Squire instantly ran back, and going up to the Knight, cried as he gasped for breath ; " I augur ill, Sir, of
" the interview ; it has been too short,
" or the lady denied herself, or you were
" not well received."

" I have both seen and spoke to her,
" Joe ;" replied Tourville. " She was
" confined to her bed. Whether it was
" that the emotion of her mind lent new
" colour to her complexion ; or that the
" love

“ love that reigns in her heart gave
 “ more expression to her eyes ; or that
 “ the soft light admitted into the cham-
 “ ber shewed her complexion and skin
 “ to advantage ; or in short that the
 “ sheets by which the plumage was con-
 “ cealed permitted me to see only what
 “ was natural and amiable, Strigillina
 “ appeared to me truly beautiful ; but
 “ — ” “ But ! ” cried Joe. — “ She
 “ took my hand and pressed it. This
 “ suddenly raised an invincible repug-
 “ nance — I withdrew my hand and
 “ rather rudely.” — “ But you were to
 “ have spoke, Sir ; did you ? ” said the
 Squire. “ I believe I did, Joe,” replied
 the Knight, “ but I scarcely know what
 “ I said to her ; I think I was at a loss
 “ for words : she suddenly called her
 “ women, and I slipped away.”

“ Ah ! my dear master ! ” said Joe,
 “ you are certainly bewitched : since you

“ came here you have neither done nor
“ said any thing to the purpose. I am
“ more terrified than I can tell you.”

Here Badine appeared, and going up to Tourville with an easy air, said:
“ Chevalier, my mistress thinks you are
“ unwell, and has sent you this ointment, which is an excellent specific.”

Tourville in vain denied the indisposition; “ nay, Chevalier,” continued Badine, with a malicious smile, “ you
“ are not in good health, and I don’t
“ much think your Squire is very sound;
“ come, both of you undress yourselves,
“ and I will rub you myself with the
“ essence contained in this vial: it
“ will have a wonderful effect.” The Knight, as may be imagined, declined the offer. “ And so you are determined,” said Badine, “ to vex us every way you
“ can. We have cause to be uneasy for
“ your health; and you are going to
“ make

" make us suspect your kindness. Come
 " now, do what is requisite for your
 " recovery, and second the efforts made
 " in your favour. For shame!" con-
 tinued she, " you would not oblige
 " women to make use of force for your
 " good. Come, come; I assure you I
 " have received the most positive orders
 " not to leave you till you have allowed
 " me to perform the little service I am
 " charged with: believe me, you may
 " depend upon my skill."

Tourville now lost all patience. " Jo-
 seph!" cried he, " let the horses be
 " saddled; I can no longer endure such
 " insipid jesting." On this Joe was
 going out, but Badine caught hold of
 his hand, crying, " you shall do no such
 " thing, gentle Squire: don't you see
 " your master is fanciful? Undress him,
 " and help us to make him do what is
 " right."

Joe persisted in going ; but he felt his hand squeezed with such violence, that the pain and surprize of it made him roar. On his crying out, the room was immediately filled with Strigillina's women, who surrounded the Knight and Squire. Tourville's belt and scarf were off before he had time to resist ; and Joe threw off his doublet without waiting to be asked ; but who can paint the anger of Violetta's lover, when he found the women using violence in earnest and undressing him in spite of his teeth. At first, considering some regard due to the sex, he barely pushed off, though somewhat roughly, the females that surrounded him : but soon sensible of the strength of the arms, and the sharpness of the nails of these counterfeits, he opposed violence with violence, and resisted their attacks by blows. His clothes, torn off him, flew about in rags ; and on the
other

other hand the air was darkened by the feathers he plucked from his antagonists, wherever he could fix his nervous grasp. The room resounded with forced laughter, with female cries, and military imprecations.

Tourville made a stout defence, but the battle was too unequal; after a resistance worthy of his valour, the Knight, stripped stark naked, and thrown down upon the floor, was anointed from head to foot with the fatal drug, and left senseless by the side of his trusty Squire, who, after receiving a little clawing in attempting to keep the assailants off, had suffered himself to be undressed, and rubbed with all imaginable patience.

CHAP. III.

Arise thou cursed miscreant
That hast with knightless guile
Fair knighthood foully shamed.

FAIRY QUEEN.

Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his displeasure.

MILTON.

DAGOBERT, in a pit so deep that the people standing on the brink of it could give him no assistance, raved, bel-
lowed, blasphemed, and foamed at the mouth. At length about midnight some countrymen, collected by the persons who had gone in quest of them, arrived with ladders and ropes. Having tied him securely in a basket, they drew him up, and carried him on a litter to a cottage at a little distance. Here he was attended by a
surgeon,

surgeon, who examined and dressed his bruises ; but he suffered great pain, and a fever came on of that acute and violent kind which generally attacks bilious habits : it was accelerated and aggravated by impatience.

Messengers were immediately dispatched to Tours and returned with the Countess's physicians : the malady, notwithstanding, took its course, and Dagobert was constrained to pass a fortnight in the wretched hovel before he was in a state to mount a horse.

It may be imagined that so serious and long an illness might have subdued the passion which impelled him to pursue Egremont ; but when once hatred is lodged in souls of such a stamp, it fixes its roots too deep to be removed. He not only raved of Egremont in his fits of delirium, but was constantly making inquiries about him during the intermissions
of

of his fever. He asked, if there any was news of him at Tours, if he was arrested, which way he had fled, and if nobody had seen him passing. He ordered strict search to be made for him everywhere, and though avaricious, scattered gold by handfuls.

He who pays well is generally well served. The boatmen who had taken Egremont to Nantes being returned went to Dagobert, and for his money gave him a very exact portrait of the person who had hired their boat.

This discovery was of more use to the patient than all the medicines the *Materia Medica* could afford: he recovered his strength, and set out for Britany, not doubting that Duke Richard would assist the vengeance of his ally, the Count of Tours.

Dagobert always travelled as if he were running a race: he was soon at the gates
of

of Nantes. The fleet under the command of Steno had failed. Duke Richard and his court were engaged in seeing a tournament given by that prince to the ladies; Rowland, the youngest of his sons, lately created a knight, was the champion. On hearing this, Dagobert ordered his richest liveries to be taken out and worn by his pages, decked himself with plumes of various colours, red and yellow ribbons, and a tunic on which appeared a large cross of the same colours, and presented himself at the lists, his attendants crying: "Make room for the Count Dagobert."

The crowd opened; the word was passed from mouth to mouth to the heralds at arms, to the balconies, and amphitheatres: "Room, room, for the Count Dagobert." "Who knows the Count Dagobert?" was the general question, and in spite of his being so pompously announced

announced he arrived *incognito*. "Does he take us for Turks?" cried some, "that he takes the cross against us."

The women were of opinion that the deep red and yellow colours which predominated in his clothes were admirably suited to the clumsy figure of the horse and of the rider.

Meanwhile Dagobert entered the lists, where lowering his visor, and planting a lance as thick as a bowsprit on his thigh, he waited for the champion to make head against him. His patience was not tried, for Rowland immediately appeared. He was just passed his eighteenth year: his person was easy, light, and well formed, and he rode a high-mettled horse which he managed with great skill.

The trumpet sounded. The Champions took the ground, and ran against each other. Dagobert's huge Norman horse set out in a long trot: Rowland
darted

darted like lightning on the son of Sybilla, and avoiding the blow he aimed at him, struck the monster so dexterously that he threw him off his poize, raised him out of his saddle, and sent him ten paces from his horse.

After this admirable tilt, Rowland ran his course with equal ease, and returning to the head of the lists took his place near the judges.

Dagobert rose furious, and, not finding the antagonist who had dismounted him, vented himself upon his own horse, fell upon him, and knocked him down with his fist.

At this feat, the company in the balconies, those within and those without the lists, all shouted at once: "Hurra! the Count Dagobert for ever! What
"blow! what a blow!"

The furious Count rolled his fierce eyes about. The judges of the field went
up

up to him and inquired whether he was hurt by his fall, while others asked if he had not bruised his gauntlet. Dagobert had lost all patience, when luckily Duke Richard came up. Having been informed that the Knight, who was the subject of derision, was the son of the Countess of Tours, he thought it proper to prevent the jest against him being carried too far, and conceiving some attentions due to the stranger, he took great pains by politeness to make him forget all the mortifications of the day.

Dagobert having recovered himself a little at the Duke's approach, "My Lord," said he, "it was very fortunate for the Champion that my horse failed me."

"I think so too, My Lord," replied the Duke; "and I entreat you to forget this slight misfortune, and forgive the innocent cause of it. Though for-
" tune

“ tune has given my son this little ad-
 “ vantage over you, it was a caprice,
 “ and can neither add to his reputation
 “ nor diminish your glory. Come, My
 “ Lord, and suffer him to unite with me
 “ in convincing you how highly we
 “ prize valour and merit in the son of
 “ the illustrious Countess of Tours.”

At this compliment, the son of the
 illustrious Countess mechanically turned
 his head, as he was accustomed to do at
 home on such occasions, to look for his
 preceptor, who used to keep close behind
 him and dictate his replies; but not find-
 ing him, lamented the misfortune of be-
 ing left to himself at the age of five and
 twenty, looked stupid, and without say-
 ing a word, followed Duke Richard to
 the palace of Nantes.

The passion that governed soon be-
 trayed him. He discovered all the base-
 ness of his soul in the very first conversa-
 tion

tion he had with the Prince. He vented his spirit in invectives against Egremont; declared he knew that he had taken refuge in Nantes, that his lurking place could not be unknown, and added that it behoved Richard to deliver the criminal up to him.

“ I am aware,” said the Duke, “ of
 “ the just cause which my ally, the Count
 “ of Tours, has to complain of the person
 “ whom you have pursued hither. I
 “ know the Knight; he studied arms
 “ with my son Steno, and it must be con-
 “ fessed that, previous to the fault he has
 “ unhappily committed, he had the re-
 “ putation of an accomplished Knight,
 “ and his character was unspotted.”

Dagobert heard impatiently his enemy spoken of not only temperately but with praise. “ An obscure gentleman,” cried he, “ who owed his existence to Count
 “ Sigismond, whose menial he was; a
 “ person

“ person of that condition, whom a little
 “ good fortune and unmerited prepos-
 “ sessions had, in an evil moment, distin-
 “ guished from the crowd, to forget
 “ himself so far as to be guilty of such a
 “ crime! No,” continued he, “ he
 “ ought not to find protection any
 “ where; the law of nations forbids
 “ it.”

“ I am neither his protector nor his
 “ judge,” replied Richard. “ Had he
 “ been so unfortunate as to fly into my
 “ dominions, I know what the duties of
 “ alliance and friendship would require
 “ of me; but you have been deceived,
 “ my Lord; Egremont is not at Nantes,
 “ nor in any part of Britany. He is not
 “ a man that could remain here un-
 “ known: however, if you are not suf-
 “ ficiently satisfied with this assurance,
 “ see and inquire yourself. Sigismond
 “ may depend upon my friendship, my
 “ aid,

“ aid, and services; whatever be the motives that induce him to have recourse to them.”

The Duke's reply would have satisfied any other person than Dagobert; but suspecting it to be an evasion, and conceiving that not to second his revenge with all the heat of jealousy, resentment, and hatred, was to treat him treacherously, he appeared discontented, and resolved to employ spies in the very palace, to ascertain if he were not right in his suspicions.

Meanwhile Richard continued to treat him with distinction; and, with the design of displaying his taste and magnificence in honour of Sybilla's son, announced a ball to be given to him and the Princess of Britany.

Aglaia, the daughter of a powerful sovereign, a princess in whom the lustre of beauty and virtue heightened that of her birth,

birth, was the object of every heart whose pretensions allowed them to aspire to her hand. But who can paint the extravagant pride of Egremont's foe, on finding himself the hero of such an entertainment, and the knight of a lady so highly distinguished? He saw no honours beyond it to which he could reasonably pretend, and he resolved that the Princess of Britany should find in him a lover of importance, and a formidable rival to a dozen peers of France.

The expences he incurred to make an appearance on this occasion, displayed his miserly profusion and vile taste in all their colours. The Breton courtiers bestowed on him malicious applause, and Rowland, the brother of Aglaia, was not the last to point out to the ladies of the court, that people dressed no where as in Touraine.

The envious Touranese was very anxious

ous to outshine him, but the assembly being full, the court placed, and the music playing, it was time to open the ball. Dagobert was obliged to dance.

The heavy, inanimate mass, was seen dragging itself about the floor, not knowing what to do with its hands, twisting its hips from side to side, its head awry, its ears sticking out like a baboon's, its eyes rolling, and its mouth open. On the other side was seen the daughter of Duke Richard, uniting grace and exactness, ease and lightness; but the mixture of admiration and laughter that pervaded the assembly was soon over, for an end was put to the ball before it was well begun by an occurrence as vexatious as ridiculous.

Dagobert, approaching too near to the Princess, entangled himself in the train of her robe, and threw her down: the Touranese slipped himself, and fell with such a weight

weight that the whole room shook again. Some gentlemen ran to assist the Princess, while Dagobert rising as awkwardly as he had fallen, said to her : “ I am sorry
 “ for the accident, madam, but it was
 “ your own fault ; you should not have
 “ turned so short.”

“ Your excuse is not very gallant,
 “ Chevalier ;” cried Rowland, who had advanced to raise his sister. “ I maintain it to be true against all and every
 “ one,” replied Dagobert, in a rude tone and with a passionate air ; at the same time tearing his glove off in pieces, not being able to draw his hand out, he threw it into the middle of the ball-room.

Rowland took up the glove. The Tourainese darted menacing looks at him. The company interfered to prevent disagreeable consequences from such a foolish affair. Noblemen, entitled by their dignity and age to speak, attempted

in vain to remonstrate with the son of the Countess of Tours, on the irregularity of his behaviour, and the insult offered to the Duke; the furious Dagobert paid no attention to them, made no reply; but looking round for his opponent, roared out: “ *I will maintain it against him;* “ we shall meet on foot, and I shall have “ my revenge.”

Meanwhile Aglaia was carried to her apartment: the Duke retired, followed by Rowland; the assembly broke up; and the field of battle was left to Dagobert, who remained strutting about the room, and casting furious looks up to heaven, till the servants came to extinguish the lights, and lock the doors; on which he retired, and thinking that he ought not, after the insult he supposed he had received, to continue longer in the palace of Duke Richard, he ordered his people
to

to remove his baggage, and take a lodging in the town for him.

The sequel of this adventure may be easily imagined. Squires passed from one to the other with the challenge and the answer. The combat was confined to the two principals, for where could the son of Sybilla have found a second? The Duke was unhappy to find his son engaged in this ridiculous affair; but the point of honour is imperious. The day, the place, the arms, the judges, all were appointed, and the combatants entered the lists. No one feared for Rowland. At the second blow aimed by Dagobert, the young Prince rushed upon him before he recovered his guard, seized him by the wrist, and tripping up his heels stretched him on the ground. At that moment Dagobert, a prey to his savage passions, drew a poni-

F 2

ard,

" Ah ! my Lord ! " replied the lady,
 " My sister Aleria is married to the cruel
 " Gahogan, master of the castle which
 " you will see a little farther on the road.
 " Not a day passes that he does not pro-
 " ceed to the greatest violence against
 " her, on groundless suspicions. To-
 " day he seems determined to complete
 " his barbarity; he has had her tied to
 " a tree and is now scourging her in a
 " most inhuman manner. Listen, and
 " you will hear the shrieks produced by
 " her agonies."

" Why really," said he, " I do hear
 " a good deal of noise: and so, they
 " are flogging your sister. She has a
 " fine shrill voice of her own. Have
 " they stripped her stark naked? Oh!
 " I must go and see." Before he had fi-
 nished speaking he trotted on as fast as
 he could, leaving his squires behind.

Proceeding to a thicket, he saw that
 the

the report which had been made to him was not exaggerated, as to the stripes Aleria was receiving. Taking the man by whom they were laid on to be Gahogan of whom the lady had spoken ; “ Lord of the Castle,” said he, waving his hand as a sign to continue the flagellation, “ don’t let me disturb you. You do well to correct your wife : go on pray, if you find any satisfaction in it ; and when you have done, you shall give me you reasons.”

Gahogan deserved, in a thousand respects, the epithet of cruel, which the sister of Aleria had bestowed upon him ; yet Dagobert’s speech appeared to him to have so little of the language of knight-hood in it, and to be so misplaced in the mouth whence it proceeded, (judging of quality by dress) that he could not help answering roughly.

“ Chevalier,” said he, “ the person
 F 4 “ you

“ you see, and who is unknown to you,
“ is no doubt very unworthy of any protection whatever, and deserves to be
“ more severely punished than she is ; I
“ am not the less astonished, however,
“ that you can think of coolly looking
“ on the while. I shall certainly continue to chastize her, but not till you
“ have taken yourself out of my fight.”

Gahogan was on foot, and had no weapon to defend himself with but the strap with which he was beating his wife.
“ Insolent fellow !” cried Dagobert, riding against him with a design of throwing him down by the shock, “ I’ll show
“ you how I treat such sort of people as
“ you.”

The flagellator, light and active, sprung aside, ran to the next tree and climbing to a branch at the very top of it, clapped a silver horn, which he wore in his belt, to his mouth, and made the
neigh-

neighbourhood ring with the shrill sound he produced from it.

Dagobert riding upto the tree to which Aleria was tied, alighted, and cutting the cords that bound her, said, "Your
"brute of a husband has got out of
"my way, but I'll take care, he shall
"not ill treat you according to his
"whims."

While he was thus occupied the sound of the horn assembled Gahogan's vassals, who came running in a crowd from the Castle, armed with whatever they could lay their hands upon.

Aleria, now free, perceiving that Dagobert was furrounded on all sides, threw herself at his feet as if she meant to embrace his knees in testimony of her gratitude, but taking advantage of the surprise excited in her deliverer by this motion, she dexterously fastened one of the cords from which he had released her round one of his legs.

Dagobert, turning his head at the noise made by the running of Gahogan's vassals, saw his danger: he hastily put his foot into the stirrup to mount his horse, but caught by the cord which tied his other leg to the tree, he lost his equilibrium, and fell back from his rise with a horrible clatter. He was seized, bound hand and foot, and carried off.

Meanwhile, Philip, at the head of the princes, assembled for the triumph of the standard of the cross, after taking Tortosa, Antioch, Laodicea, and Cesarea, was besieging Damascus, the capital of Syria.

Saladin, the sultan of that country, exhausted by repeated defeats, and forced out of the field, thought by sheltering himself within the wall of his capital to arrest the progress of the Crusaders, and to keep them in play till the arrival of the succours which he had been promised from Persia, Egypt, and Arabia.

The Christian army weakened by its own victories, had sat down before Damascus, but was unable to surround it. To carry on the siege the troops were divided into three separate camps, and three different attacks were to be made at once by the respective divisions.

Philip commanded in person in the quarter situated between the besieged city and Sardanelle. In his camp were Raimond, Count of Flanders ; William, Duke of Normandy ; and the English under Richard, the King of England's son. Borissas, King of Hungary ; Segilan, Prince of Sweden, and the warriors of the North, were encamped on the side towards the mountains of Palmyra. Lastly, Sigismund and the Prince of Brittany, joined by the warriors of Tuscany, Naples, and Sicily, formed the camp on the side towards Syria.

Two months passed in doubtful success,

cesses, repulsed assaults, unfortunate sorties, and all the events, in short, of an obstinate siege. The besieged began to feel the effects of want, two convoys from Syria having made vain attempts to introduce relief into the place, and fallen into the hands of the besiegers.

The town extremely populous of itself, and now burdened with a very numerous garrison, was nearly reduced to the dreadful alternative of throwing open its gates to Philip, or enduring all the horrors of famine. Saladin convened his council to deliberate on the means of avoiding these extremities. Among his counsellors, there was one named Bori, a Greek by birth, and of mean extraction; a bold soldier, an artful, dangerous man, and an apostate to the faith of his fathers. His personal qualities and apostacy had gained him the Sultan's notice, and raised him to the highest military ranks.

ranks. As soon as the council were met, he rose, and addressed the Sultan in the following manner :

“ My Lord, let us no longer hope that
 “ a numerous escort or general sorties
 “ can save our convoys from the attacks
 “ of the enemy : they have too many
 “ spies, and are too completely masters
 “ of the country for us to flatter our-
 “ selves that we shall succeed. All at-
 “ tempts to conceal the routes, or to
 “ oppose their forces openly, would
 “ only be sacrificing our bravest war-
 “ riors. But if your Highness will leave
 “ to me for some time the care of
 “ providing against these wants, which
 “ are beginning to be felt in your ca-
 “ pital, I have a project in contem-
 “ plation, the success of which I dare
 “ warrant.

“ The covetous Greek, who occupies
 “ the mountains of Libanus, flattered
 “ with

“ with the ridiculous hope of seeing the
 “ arms of his faith triumph here, but
 “ still more greedy of the profit he gains
 “ by his trade with Philip’s camp, daily
 “ sends thither his commodities, the pro-
 “ duce of his harvests, and his numerous
 “ flocks. I am myself a Greek, and
 “ know the faith of my nation, which I
 “ have always abhorred. I will tempt
 “ Zeno, Prince of Inar : I will dazzle
 “ him with promises suited to work up-
 “ on his ambition and avarice ; and
 “ those promises shall be even preceded
 “ by presents.

“ Prodigious stores may be collected
 “ without awaking suspicion in the
 “ Christians, who will think them meant
 “ for their use. Caution, the shades of
 “ night, and a coup-de-main I have pro-
 “ jected will prosper the enterprize. I
 “ only ask adequate supplies from your
 “ treasury, and the liberty of leaving the
 “ town

“ town at sunset with the few Greeks attached to my fortune.”

Thus spoke the Greek : the Sultan, who well knew the resources of his artful mind, adopted the project, and entrusted him with the execution of it. Bori was but too successful in negotiating with Zeno. The succours were prepared in the neighbourhood of the army of the Franks, who, as the traitor predicted, imagined them collected for their use, and even thought of sending an escort to protect the convoy from some hordes of Arabs, who were scouring the country ; but before the escort was required, Zeno, taking advantage of a dark night, rendered still more favourable by tempestuous and cloudy weather, set out with the provisions, attended only by the camel-drivers, for the town, bending his course through one of the quarters, which the besiegers had not been able to blockade.

As he had to pass, at no great distance,
Sigif-

Sigismond's camp, and avoid being observed by the guard, Bori at the same moment advanced with some troops to spread an alarm at the further end of the camp, opposite to that which the camels were passing.

He leaped over the entrenchment without opposition. He found the arms of the soldiers in piles, and the sentinels asleep around fires they had lighted. Oh! shame on these defenders of the faith! Zeal had not sufficiently brightened their arms; their cause was holy, but their life profane. Luxury spread their tables; intemperance presided at their repasts; their festivals were spent in revelry and debauch: females dragged from the seraglios of Sultans engrossed the hours of the chieftains, and the soldiers stupified by the fumes of the Greek and Syrian wines, reeled from the posts entrusted to them, and took no care of themselves.

In

In the camp there still was bravery, but all discipline was banished from it.

Bori put the sentinels to the sword, and penetrating into the tents of the Italians, which were nearest to him, slew the knights whom he found sunk in pleasure or overcome by sleep. The renegado became intoxicated with fury, blood, and plunder. To the horrors of the sword he added the ravages of fire. His blood-thirsty troops separated; one party flew towards Steno's quarter, while Bori with another party pierced into the very tent where the Count of Tours reposed.

Sigismond, fatigued with the exertions of the day, was at that moment in a profound sleep. The murderer approached his couch, his cimeter was raised, and death awaited but the fall of it, when a sudden noise behind assailed the ears of Bori and arrested his arm. He turned and saw three of his men fall dead at his feet,

feet, and the warrior, who had stretched them on the ground, advancing. The Greek attempted to defend himself, but his alarm and the blow that struck him dead were instantaneous. His men, terror-struck, threw down their arms and fled. Disdaining to pursue them, the vanquisher turned to Sigismond, who springing from his couch, undressed, unarmed, saw the Saracens overturned and put to flight by a single man, who appeared to him at first the exterminating angel.

“Arm, arm, my Lord,” cried the warrior, “let us revenge our losses, let us pursue these cruel assassins, let us wash out with their impious blood, the shame they have cast upon our brethren.”

“First, my Lord,” replied Sigismond, hastily arming himself, “let me know the hero who has saved my life. Your
“arms

“ arms and device are unknown to
 “ me—” “ Let us on, my Lord,” said
 the Knight without answering the Count,
 “ let us make haste : see the flames are
 “ spreading around, hear what cries ! I
 “ know not the extent of our danger,
 “ the number of our enemy. I had lain
 “ down to sleep without putting off my
 “ arms : awakened by a fearful noise, I
 “ rose, ran out, saw your tent entered by
 “ assassins—” “ Come to my arms, my
 “ preserver, my avenger, my fellow-
 “ soldier,” cried Sigismond : worthy
 “ Knight, let me embrace you ; I swear
 “ —” “ Stay, my Lord,” said the war-
 rior in a tremulous voice, “ beware of
 “ forswearing yourself ; I am—the un-
 “ happy Egremont——” “ Wretch !”
 exclaimed the Count, seizing his lance
 with a manacing and furious air. The
 Knight, perceiving the sudden and sad
 change that had taken place in his mas-
 ter’s

ter's mind, withdrew from the threatened blow.

In the mean time Bori's troops, having lost their leader, dispersed, overloaded with the plunder they had collected, and unable to find their way through the flames and the smoke, fell every where beneath the cimeters of the Britons, Tourainese, and Italians, who had speedily armed and assembled.

The alarm spread by Bori in Sigismond's quarters having drawn the whole army towards the spot, Philip at daylight found himself at the head of his forces united.

"Illustrious companions of my toils," said the monarch to the warriors who stood around him, and pointing at Damascus, "how long shall we suffer the walls of that sacrilegious city to arrest the course of our glorious designs, and be the haunt of base ruffians, who no longer

“ longer dare leave them, but in the
 “ dark? The feebleness of our efforts
 “ is a disgrace to our arms, to our faith;
 “ to our zeal, and to the cause we are
 “ engaged in. If the same ardour that
 “ impelled us to leave our homes in the
 “ cause of religion still animates us; if
 “ we are alive to the shame, to the an-
 “ guish of having seen our camp sur-
 “ prised, and our brethren basely mas-
 “ sacred, the monsters bathed in our
 “ blood will not long have to boast of
 “ the havock they have committed, or
 “ of the lamentable cries that roused us
 “ from our beds. Let us wreak our
 “ vengeance on this perfidious people,
 “ and on the cruel tyrant who invites
 “ them in cold blood to those cowardly
 “ assassinations. Let us bury them be-
 “ neath the ruins of their walls, and let
 “ Saladin himself find in the overthrow
 “ of his throne, the total destruction of
 “ his

“ his impious sect, and in our chains, the
“ reward of having so horribly disturbed
“ our repose.”

Thus spoke Philip : something divine seemed to sparkle on his countenance ; his voice had the force and majesty of thunder, his looks were like lightning : the fire that animated them communicating itself to the heart of every knight, inflamed them with a holy and warlike ardour, while at the same time it created the thirst of a just vengeance which could only be allayed by torrents of the infidel blood.

The troops marched towards Damascus. All thoughts of approaching the town cautiously, screened by works, and of using the surer but slower means of a regular siege, were relinquished. Courage, zeal, fury hurried on the knights to attack the suburbs of Casair, and blinded them

them to all the perils which they might have to encounter in their way.

A high wall, a deep moat, a regular entrenchment seemed to secure the suburbs from an escalade: enormous masses, hurled by warlike machines from the tops of the towers, menaced with inevitable death all who should dare to advance openly; but the vigour of the attack, in defying the preparations of the defence, appeared to have baffled them. The moat was soon filled with the fascines, the ladders placed against the walls, and the entrenchment stormed. The affrighted Sarcens passed rapidly from blind security to the most stupid terror. No post appeared to them to be longer tenable, they threw down their arms, betook themselves to flight, and sought safety within the walls of the fort.

In this successful assault the Count of
Tours

Tours placed the first standard of the cross on the heights of the entrenchment carried, but immediately turning to the pursuit of the flying enemy he forgot himself so far as to follow them within the gates, and perceived not the snare into which his valour had led him, till the noise of the portcullis falling made him look back, and awakened him to the danger that surrounded him, and in which there was not a possibility of his receiving assistance from the troops.

CHAP. IV.

CHAP. IV.

Some say that Signior Bononcini,
Compar'd to Handel's a mere ninny :
Others aver that to him Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange ! that such difference should be
'Bwixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee !

SWIFT.

VIOLETTA, Tourville's amiable mistress, being related to Egremont, and being likewise the friend and confidante of Hippolita, was no longer safe at the Court of Sybilla, a Princess by whom no one was ever suspected with impunity. Finding herself unprotected, she resolved to fly from the danger with which she was threatened, and to seek an asylum in that part of the world whither she was directed by the impulse of her heart :

she took the road to Provence, in order to pass into Asia, not doubting that Tourville, of whom there had been no tidings for some time, had joined the army of the Christian Princes.

The fair damsel, mounted on a palfrey, was attended by an old Squire : she had no other attendant, except the weakness and timidity natural to her sex, youth and inexperience, uncommon beauty, modesty, dignity, and principles : but she was not sufficiently distrustful of herself, and possessed perhaps a little too much susceptibility.

She travelled leisurely, and arrived, without meeting any accident, on the coast of Provence, where fortune seemed to favour her : she found a vessel ready to set sail for Syria, and immediately embarked. The famous island of Cyprus, at which the ship was to touch, was soon in sight ; but a sudden storm coming on,

the Captain was obliged to change his course. The sails were shivered, the vessel became unmanageable: in a few minutes it was dashed to pieces against a rock, and Violetta, more dead than alive, was exposed to the mercy of the waves, clinging to a plank on which she was thrown by accident.

She would have inevitably perished had not the same accident provided a little boat which came from among the points of some rocks that appeared in the offing. The people in the skiff seeing her floating on the water, steered for her, and took her on board half drowned. She was soon brought to herself by means of a strong pungent liquid, which she was made to smell, and a troublesome noise ringing in her ears.

On opening her eyes she saw four or five men, clad in the Eastern style, who, one after another, and sometimes all

G 2

together,

together, were producing very shrill sounds from instruments like small flutes or pipes : and every now and then beating tambourines with little sticks.

When the pipers saw the lady's eyes open, they removed a little from her ear, but without discontinuing their music, which on the contrary was shriller and louder. She heaved a sigh, and attempted to speak, when the noise of the pipes and tabours increased to an insupportable degree. Violetta held her tongue. Soon after she again attempted to speak, but the symphony immediately became so noisy that she thought it would make her deaf, and was forced to silence.

Meanwhile the boat gained the shore, and the mariners landing, quickly formed a kind of litter with their oars, on which they carried the lady, who made no resistance, towards a small cottage standing at a little distance from the sea side.

As

As she approached some huts she was surrounded by fresh musicians. Shepherds, herdsmen, labourers, ran up on every side, playing on hautboys, reeds and bagpipes : little children that could scarcely walk came tinkling jews-harps, and blowing penny trumpets, crowding about the litter and impeding its way. At length the train stopped at the gate of a mansion which had the appearance of a large farm. An elderly woman, of a commanding aspect, came out, and went up gravely to Violetta, playing on a cymbal, which she wore hanging at her side, a slow, fantastical air, entirely out of time. Violetta now attempted to speak, but at the first syllable she articulated the cymbalist frowned, struck her instrument with great warmth, and then clapped her hand over the stranger's mouth so as to stop her breath. At a loss what to do, Violetta, at length, made

a sign that she was in want of food. The sign was understood, and victuals were brought; but they were coarse, and the lady's stomach being weak, the repast was soon over. The litter proceeding, entered a town, which appeared large, well built, and populous, and stopped at the gate of a palace, at which a great crowd was collected.

Presently a Squire appeared, and offering his hand to the stranger, led her into the palace. She saw in the antichambers pages playing on flageolets, and persons more advanced in years, and of all conditions scraping on fiddles and other instruments. At last she was ushered into a retired cabinet, where several elderly men seemed assembled for a concert.

Violetta's conductor presented her to one of the musicians, who was on a seat raised higher than the others, holding a bass-viol. The old man smiled on the fair stranger,

stranger, then looking at the Squire and the people about him, gave the bass seven or eight strokes of the bow, and made a sign with his head ; on which the Squire, taking the lady by the hand, led her out of the room.

Hitherto not a single word had been spoken by any person whatever ; but on the winding of the staircase the Squire, looking cautiously round to see that no one was near, and putting his finger to his lips ; “ ’sh ! we are now, Madam,” said he, “ going to the Princess’s apartment.”

The Princess was sitting on a sofa, with a mandoline hung to her neck by a broad blue ribbon. She looked at Violetta with a smile of protection mixed with disdain, and turning towards her women touched two or three of the strings of her mandoline with a careless air. Here the ceremony ended.

The astonished Violetta was now conducted to an empty apartment. "This, Madam," said the Squire, "is your room. The women appointed to wait upon you will be here presently: they will let me know when you have rested, and can receive me. I have things of the greatest moment to impart to you." He then retired, and the women coming in, Violetta allowed them to undress her, took some sherbet and sweetmeats, lay down, and after resting some time rose, dressed herself in the Eastern fashion, and then gave the Squire an audience.

"Madam," said he, "in two words I will disclose the secret of the appearances which astonish you. In this country the inhabitants have absolutely lost their speech, and supply the want of it by the use of musical instruments. What is singular is, that
 " not

“ not being able to speak themselves,
 “ they cannot endure that others should
 “ speak here.

“ This calamity is said to have origi-
 “ nated in the anger of a magician ; but
 “ as I have no faith in such stories, I
 “ should be tempted to think that these
 “ people had been denied by nature a
 “ faculty granted to the rest of man-
 “ kind, if the monuments of the coun-
 “ try did not evince that they spoke here
 “ as elsewhere about a century ago.

“ I was born a subject of the Court of
 “ Provence, and thrown about four
 “ years ago on this unknown island,
 “ which being furrounded at some dis-
 “ tance by a chain of rocks, is rendered
 “ inaccessible to foreigners ; none but
 “ such as are shipwrecked ever landing
 “ here. Being myself professionally a
 “ musician, I easily caught the idiom
 “ that has been adopted in the country,

“ and became interpreter to those who
 “ like you have been accidentally cast on
 “ the island : a circumstance, however,
 “ which very rarely happens. You now
 “ understand the reason of your being
 “ surrounded by the strange assemblage
 “ of instrumental performers that ef-
 “ corted you to the palace. On your
 “ alighting I conducted you to the King’s
 “ cabinet ; his Majesty, on the report
 “ that had been made to him of your
 “ beauty, being very impatient to see
 “ you.

“ He was at that moment holding a
 “ council of state. The person with
 “ spectacles, whom you saw sitting at a
 “ harpsichord, was a secretary instructed
 “ to make a report to the Council, the
 “ Members of which were ready to give
 “ their opinions ; one on his bassoon,
 “ another on the violoncello, and so on :
 “ for I should tell you by the way,
 “ Madam,

“ Madam, that there are instruments
 “ adapted to all ranks and ages. It
 “ would not be decent that a senator
 “ should express himself by a fife or
 “ hurdy-gurdy. The clergy have their
 “ appropriate instruments, and when
 “ you have learned the language, I think,
 “ if curiosity should lead you to the mos-
 “ que, you will be delighted to hear the
 “ Turkish service recited on harps, and
 “ be charmed with a verse of the Koran
 “ paraphrased on the trumpet marine.

“ There are not only instruments for
 “ different ranks, but for character like-
 “ wise. A man given to love readily
 “ takes to those that are best suited to
 “ tender expression. A great talker
 “ lays hold of a violin, bows away in
 “ arpeggio, shifting up to the very
 “ bridge.

“ Well educated men, and such as
 “ have their fortune to make, ought to

“ possess to a certain degree every style.

“ You will see the reigning monarch, in

“ giving audience to his subjects, answer

“ each on an instrument similar to the

“ one used by the person addressing him.

“ When I first saw him going out, fol-

“ lowed by his pages carrying instru-

“ ments of every kind, I thought he

“ was going to give a serenade.

“ There are people ready to speak on

“ every subject before they have taken

“ pains to gain a knowledge of it, and

“ desirous of making a figure in the

“ world before they have been prepared

“ for it. The musical instrument-makers

“ here, who are very ingenious, have

“ invented an instrument for them,

“ called the court hand-organ, contain-

“ ing a great variety of airs on several

“ barrels. Grave airs, for example, for

“ occasions where it is necessary to be

“ consequential; lofty airs, for giving a

“ great

“ great opinion of oneself and credit;
 “ low airs, for addressing persons in office,
 “ with fourdines to be taken off on quit-
 “ ting a levée : natural airs, to gain con-
 “ fidence ; flattering and even wheedling
 “ ones, to amuse morning duns ; tender
 “ ones, passionate ones, sad ones, merry
 “ ones, &c. to interest, soften, please,
 “ and seduce ; noisy ones for intimacies,
 “ others full of fire to accost new
 “ friends ; frigid, to return thanks for
 “ benefits received ; fanciful ones, for
 “ raillery and satire, and to banish in-
 “ sipidity from company ; very light
 “ ones, for conversing about women,
 “ deciding on the merit of others, es-
 “ timating works of literature, and set-
 “ ting a value on the master-pieces of
 “ artists ; in short, airs of every sort, for
 “ addressing persons to whom respect or
 “ attention is due, and from whom they
 “ are expected.

“ Sometimes,

“ Sometimes, through inadvertence,
 “ or some other cause, people fall into
 “ strange mistakes : a man plays a lofty
 “ air to his equal ; receives a gentleman
 “ with a tune with which he would re-
 “ ceive a lacquey ; and uses a low air in
 “ the presence of a man of fortune, to
 “ make a dupe of him : nay, even in
 “ mentioning persons and things the
 “ most respectable, he plays some jig or
 “ wanton air, entirely out of time.

“ The instrument, allowing for the
 sameness of the tunes in so many
 “ hands, is well contrived : but the
 “ music is defective in science, and the
 “ cadences of it will strike you as being
 “ common.

“ The opulent citizens have had hand-
 “ organs constructed on the plan of
 “ these court instruments, and you will
 “ find them in the hands of some of
 “ their children ; but besides that those
 “ young

“ young people have an awkward manner of turning the handle, their organ is always either above or below pitch, and of course always discordant.”

“ I should like,” said Violetta, interrupting the interpreter, “ to hear one of the real court-organs ; it must be very pleasing.”

“ It is generally thought so by the ladies ;” replied the Squire ; “ however, Madam, I should apprise you that the praises I have bestowed upon them admit of exceptions, and that you will now and then meet with lordlings who have sad organs.

“ When these islanders lost their speech, dismayed as they were in the first moments of their privation, they had recourse to the signs and gestures taught by instinct, to be understood ; but this instinctive language, enabling them, at most, to communicate to
“ one

“ one another their most common events,
 “ was much too confined for a nation
 “ that had attained a high degree of
 “ civilization, and three-fourths of the
 “ ideas they had acquired were necessa-
 “ rily left without a medium of ex-
 “ pression.

“ A philosopher having reflected on
 “ the almost universal taste of his coun-
 “ trymen for music ; their readiness in
 “ acquiring it, and the knowledge of it
 “ already spread throughout the island,
 “ conceived the idea of taking advan-
 “ tage of it to supply the deficiency of
 “ speech ; and you will be soon con-
 “ vinced, Madam, that the project is
 “ by no means so odd as it appears at
 “ first.

“ But some defects in the method
 “ of teaching, some disputes that
 “ have arisen among the critics, the
 “ ideas formed respecting the real
 “ purity.

“ purity of the musical language, re-
 “ tarded the progress of it, and still re-
 “ tards it so much that I am far from
 “ thinking the dialect arrived at a full
 “ state of perfection.

“ Scarcely had the learned succeeded
 “ in representing the letters, by the
 “ medium of sounds, and in forming
 “ them into words, when they began
 “ to differ on the modes which it would
 “ be most convenient to employ : there
 “ was a long controversy on the diatonic,
 “ and harmonic ; and it was, moreover,
 “ argued, that it was not always the most
 “ sensible discourse that had a title to
 “ please, a title which ought to be re-
 “ served for that, which, confined to
 “ one measure, forming one melody,
 “ and having an appropriate style, should
 “ present nearly to the mind the ideas
 “ intended to be imparted. In conse-
 “ quence of a decision in favour of this
 “ opinion,

“ opinion, the brains of the students
 “ have been terribly racked, and good
 “ sense has suffered extremely.

“ The common people, who have not
 “ time to attend to such refinement,
 “ grate one’s ears, and follow their feel-
 “ ings without much rule, yet they play
 “ more directly to the point; for they
 “ express exactly what they want to
 “ say.

“ Having given you these general
 “ notions, Madam, let us, if you please,
 “ descend to particulars, and enter more
 “ into detail. You have, no doubt,
 “ some knowledge of music; the noble-
 “ ness of your exterior declares that of
 “ your birth, and makes me presume
 “ that no part of your education has
 “ been neglected. You probably play
 “ some instrument; but the king, who
 “ has a great desire to please you, wishes
 “ that you would have the goodness to
 “ begin

“ begin practising on the lute. Permit
 “ me to give you your first lesson.

“ In the first place, then, you will
 “ find your alphabet in the various po-
 “ sitions of the notes. Sometimes a
 “ single note will present you a com-
 “ plete idea ; for example, strike a *si* ;
 “ you now say *yes* : strike a *sol*, and you
 “ say *no*. You will allow that we have
 “ here a consent and a refusal expressed
 “ with all desirable rapidity.

“ But we do not stop here : refine-
 “ ment of expression may be united with
 “ rapidity. With the help of a *flat* or
 “ a *sharp*, of one of those intermissions
 “ called *rests*, here equivalent to sighs,
 “ and by introducing a soft cadence
 “ seasonably, a *yes* is made to signify no-
 “ thing, and a *no* not to mean *no*.

“ I fear, Madam, to exhaust your
 “ patience ; and besides, I feel I ought
 “ to give these ideas time to make their
 “ impression.

"impreſſion. My orders being to be
 "careful of you as well as to inſtruct
 "you ; and being impelled both by duty
 "and inclination to conſult your plea-
 "ſure, I ſhall now ſuſpend the taſk I
 "have undertaken, to reſume it when
 "agreeable to you." As he finiſhed his
 compliment the muſician, interpreter, and
 teacher of languages made his bow, and
 withdrew.

Violetta remained alone, pondering on
 what ſhe had heard, not knowing what
 to think of her ſituation, and inatten-
 tively ſtriking on the lute left in her hands
ſi and *ſol*, *ſol* and *ſi*.

Age had not abated the fire of the paſ-
 ſions in the heart of Demetrius, ſovereign
 of the iſle of Melologues, the name of
 the nation amongſt whom Tourville's
 miſtreſs now was. The prince was ſtill
 ſubject to the power and to the caprices
 of love ; but being deſcended from one
 of

of those Saracen branches, which had brought the flower of gallantry into Europe, he was unacquainted with the usage of the handkerchief; a custom worthy only of the pride of the Ottoman race, and mingled sentiment and delicacy with his love. Grouvelle, his interpreter, went and reported to him the happy qualities he had discovered in the beautiful stranger, her docility in taking lessons, and the natural and acquired endowments by means of which she would in a short time become an excellent Melologue scholar.

On this report Demetrius felt the lively inclination he had conceived for Violetta doubly increased. "Go," said he to Grouvelle, striking his instrument, "go and inform the lady that I hope to see her to-day, and tell her how impatient I am."

In obedience to his Majesty's command, Grouvelle waited on h

with the message. " I am sensible, Ma-
 " dam," said he to her, " of the em-
 " barrassment you will experience, and
 " I know nothing so disagreeable as a
 " conversation between persons who can
 " neither express themselves, nor under-
 " stand without an interpreter; but if you
 " will condescend to practise a little arti-
 " fice, you will render the King highly
 " pleased with himself, and give him a
 " great idea of your abilities. Pretend to
 " understand what he says to you. As he
 " expresses himself freely and at largey, if
 " you introduce a *yes* or a *no* ápropos,
 " it will be enough to convince him that
 " you understand, and that nothing has
 " been lost in his display of eloquence.
 " I will place myself behind him, a little
 " on one side, and every question he puts
 " I will make a sign with my hand,
 " which will enable you to strike on
 " your lute the reply it will be proper to
 " make.

“ make. It will only be, as you already
 “ know, a *fi* or a *sol*, according to cir-
 “ cumstances. Farther, observe atten-
 “ tively the motions of my face, and
 “ appear sad, joyful, or embarrassed, as
 “ I mark the different emotions by the
 “ expression I shall throw into my own
 “ countenance.” Violetta felt no objec-
 tion to give her master, and the Prince
 who employed him, this mark of com-
 plaisance.

At the time appointed Demetrius came,
 having provided himself with a german
 flute, an instrument well adapted to the
 sentiment he meant to inspire. He ac-
 costed the lady with an air something like
 a saraband, which he overcharged with
 trills and cadences, accompanying them
 with various contortions of his eyes.

The good monarch wanted breath, and
 was deficient in fingering and tonguing ;
 he played neither distinctly nor clearly ;
 so

so that his compliment, which was in itself nothing more than a series of common-places, might pass, as to the music and the execution, for a very insipid symphony.

Grouvelle assumed a smiling countenance, and made a sign with his head, which his pupil expressed by a *sol*, as much as to say *no*, accompanying it with a smile. She was graceful in every thing, and the smile was kind.

Demetrius appeared enchanted; the trills, the cadences, were redoubled: on this the master made the sign of *yes* with his head, and the *fi* was immediately struck by Violetta.

Demetrius now changed his modulation, and was scarcely heard but in broken, low, and tremulous sounds.

Grouvelle assumed a look of indignation, giving his scholar to understand
that

that the occasion required a very dry *no* ;
Sol said the lute dryly.

The King continued playing in the same tremulous and broken strain. Grouvelle changed his countenance, and made a sign to answer by a feeble and equivocal consent. The pupil, both in her manner and according to the lesson she had taken, endeavoured to express on the lute the reply suggested.

Here Demetrius could contain himself no longer, but, flying towards the beautiful stranger, seized her hand with transport, and rapturously kissed it, then drawing a very valuable diamond ring from his finger, gave it to Grouvelle, and after making a thousand bows, left the apartment playing a flourish.

He was scarcely gone when Grouvelle throwing himself on his knee before Violetta, exclaimed : “ Ah, Madam !
 “ your talents are unrivalled. You
 VOL. I. H “ played

“ played like an angel ; the King is enchanted.”

“ I am entirely in the dark,” replied Violetta : “ pray, what did the King say to me, and what did I answer ?”

“ You said, Madam, what it was right you should, considering your situation ; but I cannot too much applaud the wonderful talents I find you possessed of ; in your action and in the expression of your countenance, there is an exactness, an admirable energy, a ——”

“ But,” cried Violetta, “ may not I be more particularly informed of the reasons I have to be so satisfied with myself ?”

“ Most undoubtedly ;” replied Grouvelle. “ The King’s first compliment was expressing his happiness in having you in his dominions ; he then dwelled on the praises so much your due in
“ every

“ every respect, and on the tumult into
 “ which his heart was thrown at the very
 “ first interview ; adding that he feared
 “ his age might in your eyes be an im-
 “ pediment to the design he had formed
 “ of meriting the boon of your heart.”

“ And what was my reply ?” said
 Violetta impatiently.

“ A *sol*, Madam, which you struck
 “ at a proper moment, removed the
 “ Monarch’s fears.”

“ So much the worse, Sir ; so much
 “ the worse,” replied Violetta angrily.

“ Nay, Madam, would you offend the
 “ Monarch ?”

“ I should have been entirely silent ;
 “ and according to the feelings of my
 “ heart, it would have been the least
 “ offensive step I could have taken : but,
 “ pray,” continued she, “ what said the
 “ the King to an avowal as insincere as
 “ misplaced ?”

“ He expressed his delight, Madam,
 “ adding the strongest protestations : and
 “ then he asked you if you would with-
 “ out reluctance fix your abode at his
 “ court.”

“ You should have made me answer
 “ no.”

“ On the contrary, Madam.”

“ Sir, you have made me act a foolish
 “ part ; but go on ; I now see that I must
 “ have said many foolish things.”

“ The King,” continued Grouvelle,
 “ expressed his apprehension that your
 “ heart might be engaged ; on which
 “ you had the goodness to make him
 “ easy ; and even the turn of your coun-
 “ tenance very clearly showed that you
 “ felt hurt at the suspicion.”

“ Go on, Sir ; I have no fault to find
 “ with this answer ; it is a point on
 “ which no woman is required to be
 “ scrupulously candid.”

“ On

“ On this, the King, after some apologies, asked in an embarrassed and tremulous tone, if he might aspire to your hand.”

“ And did I assent, Sir.”—“ Yes, Madam,” replied Grouvelle timidly, and that was the cause of the excessive joy to which you saw his Majesty yield himself.”—“ Go out of my sight, Sir,” said Violetta, raising her voice; “ go and inform Demetrius that we have been imposed upon, and that unless compelled by force I will never see him more.” As Violetta said this Grouvelle threw himself at her feet. She spurned him from her, saying, “ rise, Sir, or I will call for help. Give over acting a character, the baseness and blackness of which shock me.

“ For Heaven’s sake! Madam, take care,” cried Grouvelle, embracing her feet, and holding her back in spite of herself;

herself; "for Heaven's sake! take care,
 "or you will ruin yourself. To what
 "purpose would you make a noise?"

"That I may be better known," replied Violetta. "I am taken for some
 "adventurer. My birth, which my
 "appearance sufficiently testifies, should
 "secure me from a project so detestable.
 "But if indeed the people here are in-
 "sensible to honour and humanity; if
 "I am pushed to extremity, I have cou-
 "rage enough to die."

"Have patience, Madam, I beseech
 "you by your lovely self: I have not
 "the least doubt of all you can say to
 "your advantage; my respect has an-
 "ticipated your communication: but
 "why will you brave death or slavery,
 "when sentiments less violent, when a
 "little dissimulation may render your
 "situation supportable, and afford to
 "Heaven, whose protection you merit,
 and

“ and to my zeal, which is unbounded,
 “ time to rescue you? Whoever you
 “ are, reflect that you are unknown and
 “ unsupported, among Saracens, an in-
 “ fidel set, not likely to believe any
 “ thing that might render you respect-
 “ able in their eyes, who are not to be
 “ disarmed by tears, and who flatter
 “ themselves that they can as easily sub-
 “ due grief as reserve. If you take
 “ upon you to deny and to be haughty,
 “ they will abandon themselves to that
 “ natural ferocity which the desire of
 “ pleasing incites them to disguise. Suffer
 “ the King to amuse himself with the
 “ flattering ideas which my prudent
 “ though painful artifice has raised; and
 “ do you amuse him with delays, which
 “ he will now attribute to a modesty
 “ striving to procrastinate its ultimate
 “ defeat, and you will but be the more
 “ charming in his eyes. In the mean-

H 4

“ time,

“ time, Madam, the monster whom you
“ spurn from you, and who will never
“ cease embracing your feet till you
“ pardon him, will go and employ all
“ the means he has hitherto neglected
“ for his own liberty, to procure yours ;
“ and the only reward he asks is a look
“ less severe, and permission to expose
“ his fortune and life for you.”

O Hope ! how powerful art thou !
Is there a heart, how wretched soever,
that can shut out the glimmerings thou
art ever striving to raise within it ?
Violetta suffered herself to be persuaded.
Grouvelle retired, intent, with the con-
currence of his fair scholar, on project-
ing the means of their making their
escape together.

His first step was to wait upon Deme-
trius and assure him of the favourable
state of mind in which he had left the
lovely stranger ; but informing him at
the

the same time that she was so much indisposed as to be under the necessity of taking precautions to prevent a serious fit of sickness, and that she begged, as a favour, to be left to herself for some days to rest.

Though the ardent passion of the Sovereign of the Melologues appeared to suffer a severe trial in his consent to this restraint, he thought it but delicate to comply with the request that was made, and contented himself with frequently sending a page to the door of the apartment to enquire for Violetta, who never left her bed for two days ; the time that Grouvelle was absent.

The women who waited on her, observing that she eat little, and hearing her sigh and moan, readily believed her feigned indisposition to be real, and the King's physicians, finding her pulse

H 5

quick,

quick, were imposed upon with as little difficulty.

On the third day Grouvelle returned, and was admitted to Violetta, now well enough to receive him. "Every thing is ready, Madam," said he; "I have
 "founded some sailors of my country
 "with whom I was shipwrecked, and
 "who have ever since supported them-
 "selves by the occupation of fishermen
 "on the coast. The love of liberty,
 "and the desire of returning to their
 "country, would perhaps have been
 "sufficient to induce them to enter into
 "our design, but I completely gained
 "them by offering them the brilliant
 "which you saw Demetrius give me.
 "They are devoted to you, Madam,
 "and will this night seize a vessel in
 "which they will put to sea the moment
 "we are on board. It will be necessary
 "to

“ to disguise yourself to leave the palace
“ unsuspected, and I have taken care to
“ provide you with a dress. I have also
“ brought you some laudanum, which
“ you will easily find an opportunity of
“ mixing in the sherbet for the women :
“ it will completely shut their eyes while
“ you escape, and with me fly to the
“ shore to join our deliverers. I shall
“ likewise, Madam, take some precau-
“ tions of a nature to impede the quick-
“ nefs of the motions that will be made
“ to pursue us. This shall be my care
“ at night. The court instruments are
“ in my charge : I shall take away all
“ the jacks of the harpsichords, the
“ bridges of the violins, the handles of
“ the hurdy-gurdies, so that we shall be
“ far enough off before those whom we
“ leave behind find means to understand.
“ one another.”

H 6.

It

It is unnecessary to say that the project was approved. The night came; Grouvelle successfully executed his designs; Violetta, dressed as a page, left her room, and quitting the palace, hastened to the sea side under the protection of the Interpreter. They immediately embarked, the sails of their vessel were unfurled, and a fair wind speedily wafted the fugitives from the land of the Melologues.

CHAP. V.

With new-fall'n dew,
From church-yard yew,
I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.
Over woods, high rocks and mountains ;
Over hills and misty fountains;
Over Steep'les, tow'rs, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mong troops of Spirits.

TOURVILLE and his Squire were left senseless in their apartment in Strigillina's palace, among the pieces of their tattered garments and the feathers plucked from their enemies, where they remained sometime in a dead sleep. They suddenly started up in consequence of a movement entirely out of nature ; their eyes were open and their arms moved as if on springs, but their bodies seemed deprived of sensibility and their intellects of activity.

vity. It was midnight, they were enveloped by a thick darkness, and a violent wind rose by which the palace seemed shook to its foundation.

The windows of the Knight's apartment were blown open. Tourville and Joe, hurried out and borne aloft, found themselves sailing through the trackless regions of the air. At last, before they had time to form an idea of the kind of machine that conveyed them, or of the road they took, or of the distance they had travelled, they found themselves in the middle of the most astonishing assembly that ever mortal eyes could bear to look at, and perceived that they rode on broomsticks.

The sovereign of the evil Genii presided at this assembly ; which was partly formed of the spirits of his category, enchanters, magicians, forcerers, and witches ; but also appeared full of figures still retaining

ing something human, phantoms, chimeræ, centaurs, griffins, hyppogriffins, dragons, ogres, cyclops, goblins, furies, lamaes, the monstrous offspring of imagination, poetic frenzy, spleen, idleness, superstition, roguery, weakness, ignorance, and fear. Disorder and malice marked in the ranks of the assembly. A feigned, tumultuous joy appeared outwardly; but under their dismayed countenances it was easy to read perturbation, sorrow, and remorse.

Tourville, overpowered by the light of a thousand torches burning round him, and amazed at the frightful variety of monstrous objects that appeared before him, saw all too confusedly to distinguish any thing clearly. Loud bursts of laughter now stunned his ears; he was surrounded, and presently felt his nose twitched in such a manner as to give him pain, while at the same time a general hooting began,
all

all crying out to him at once; " hoo !
hoo ! hoo ! *Ché naso brutto !*

The president raised his voice to command attention, but the bursts of laughter were but the more violent, accompanied by the same chorus : hoo ! hoo ! hoo ! *Ché naso brutto !*

Tourville now perceived that he was covered with feathers like a turkey-cock, and that at the point of his nose there was one of an unreasonable length. A familiar spirit had seized him by this feather and led him round the hall, attended with constant bursts of laughter and cries of *naso brutto*.

The president, bellowing impatiently and despairing to make himself heard, struck the ground with his dreadful sceptre. At this terrible blow one would have thought that the earth trembled on its axis, and that the moon had flown from its orbit. The affrighted goblins
prof-

prostrated themselves in silence before the footstool of the throne.

“ If I—” said he in a hoarse voice and threatening mien, then restraining himself—“ but I shall pardon this indecency : be more respectful in future. “ Here then,” continued he, pointing to the feathered Knight and his trusty Squire, “ here have we another prank of my lady Strigillina’s. It is to compose such fantastical masquerades that she absents herself from our assemblies, affecting contempt for our statutes, and independence of our orders. Should I longer suffer her to continue practising her art with this levity, she, no doubt, would soon have for vassals those whom a power I abhor would fain withdraw from my sway ; but it is time that I should purge the earth of this race of harpies, and send back Strigillina and her mates to their mother, dame Celeno :

“ an

“ an opportunity and the means have
 “ been afforded me by a blunder of her
 “ confidante’s. In executing her mis-
 “ tress’s orders, Badine, in composing
 “ the drug that was to have the double
 “ effect of transforming this worthy gen-
 “ tleman into a kind of parrot and de-
 “ priving him of the use of reason, mis-
 “ took a vial, and mixed with the drug
 “ that makes the feathers grow that
 “ which confers a participation of our
 “ mysteries, and she wantonly rubbed
 “ the point of his nose to produce the
 “ enormous quill you see there——
 “ What do I hear ?” exclaimed the Pre-
 fident in a passion, “ Are you going to
 “ laugh again ? Hah ! by Jingo ! if I
 “ hear a word more of *nafo brutto*——”
 “ Knight !” continued he, when he had
 again recovered himself, “ return thanks
 “ to the mistake by which you were
 “ brought before me, as you would
 “ other-

“ otherwise have encreased Strigilli-
 “ na’s court ; but to you I now com-
 “ mit your revenge. Return whence
 “ you came, and proceed fearlessly to
 “ the apartment where the lady is asleep :
 “ pluck from her forehead the tuft of
 “ feathers which serves her as an egret,
 “ and you will have reason to be pleased :
 “ but before you go take the advice of
 “ a friend. You see, whatever may be
 “ said, that I do not always do evil ; for
 “ you will allow that you are under some
 “ little obligation to me, and you must
 “ not be ungrateful. Accident and my
 “ forbearance have here made you ac-
 “ quainted with many things. I know
 “ your weakness ; you will be tempted
 “ to write on what you have seen : at all
 “ events try to spare us in your epigrams,
 “ or by Jingo !—— here’s the pay for
 “ your songs.”

As he spoke these words, the President
 showed

showed his sceptre. It was a hazle branch, more than two inches thick, and a foot longer than the conjuring wand.

Scarcely was the sceptre held out when the Knight and Squire, without knowing by what means, found themselves again in Strigillina's palace, awake, and the morning light appearing.

"Am I dreaming?" said Tourville to his Squire. "That can't be, Sir," replied Joe; "it lasts too long: besides, "can we both dream the same dream?—Hey! look at yourself in the glass: look, "there's the *nafo brutto*. Come, Sir, "let us lose no time; if it is a dream, "let us put an end to it, and see "the conclusion of the adventure. Pray, "Sir, go to the lady's room before she "wakes: whomever it comes from, I "think we had very good advice "yonder."

Tourville in this thought as his Squire did,

did, and made his way without opposition to Strigillina's bedside, where, encouraged by success and incited by the desire of vengeance, he darted his hand on her forehead and tore off with violence the fatal plume of feathers.

The enchantress gave a shrill and piercing cry, which a thousand echoes in the palace, gardens, and fields, repeated, increasing in loudness. The palace vanished, while Strigillina and her companions, stripped of their feathers, and transformed into loathsome harpies, rose into the air on bat wings.

As those light dreams that play upon the brain at the dawn of morn are borne away with the shades of night, on the golden wings of the harbinger of day, and disperse as the sun's rays are felt upon our eyelids :

As those fleecy clouds that take such pleasing variegated forms, on the rising
of

of a gale separate dissolve and disappear :

As the wandering, transparent globe blown by an infant from the end of a pipe, suddenly yielding to the pressure of the ambient air, resolves itself into an almost imperceptible drop of water :

As fulminating gold on being heated takes fire, bursts, and evaporates ; so vanished Strigillina's magical palace from the sight of Tourville and Joe, as soon as the Knight by tearing off the mysterious plume of feathers had broken the fatal charm of her enchantments.

The immense gilt cage, the buildings around it, the gardens and cultivated fields, all vanished ; and in their place, in the midst of a frightful desert, and surrounded by an almost impenetrable thick-
et of brambles and bushes, rose an anti-
que tower in ruins, whose blackened
walls, declining, tottering, and rent in
every

every part, threatened its final destruction.

The deer feared to shelter near it ; the affrighted owls deserted unwillingly the perilous abode so suited to their moping mood.

However prepared for this change of scene, the Knight and Squire stood motionless with astonishment, till a piercing cold, which they felt in every limb, roused them from their surprise, and compelled them to think of the means of fencing themselves against it.

They were naked ; for the feathers with which they had been clothed had vanished like the rest of the illusions in which they had been involved.

The clothes which they had on when they first went to the palace, and even their horses ready saddled, were at their hand. Tourville dressed himself, though with some difficulty, as he had to put together
the

the parts of a doublet that had been torn to pieces.

Joe, having soon put on his clothes, climbed to the top of a tree to look for some passage by which they might get out of this frightful desert.

He perceived about a hundred yards off, on a more open spot, a number of people who appeared greatly agitated. He hastened down, apprized Tourville of the discovery he had made, and pushing through the bushes went forward to gain intelligence. Approaching the spot he had observed, he saw a number of men, separate, here and there, all engaged in the same employment in which he had left his master ; that is to say, some were trying to put on their coat, and others their armour.

Joe accosted them, and put some questions ; but they only stared at him, and answered

answered in monosyllables the meaning of which he could not comprehend.

The honest Squire was not versed in foreign tongues. The different persons spoke to him in Breton, Provençal, and various other dialects, but not a word of French or of the *patois* of Tours, the only dialects with which he had the slightest acquaintance.

He began to despair, when he perceived a young man whose eyes were fixed upon him : Joe gazed in his turn, and they no sooner came up to each other than the Gentleman taking him by the hand, exclaimed ; “ What ! is it you, my poor “ Joey ? ” — “ Is it really you yourself “ Count Florizel ? ” cried Joe. “ Which “ is the way to Tours ? Where are we ? “ How are we to get out of this place ? “ Have you been here long ? Are you “ acquainted with the lady Strigillina ?

“ Were you bewitched? Did you see
 “ the cursed cage? What is become of
 “ it? Who are the people about you? Are
 “ they in your company? Do you
 “ know that the Chevalier Tourville is
 “ close by?”

Joe's questions came so rapidly one upon another that it was impossible for Florizel to answer them. “ Your master
 “ here!” said he, “ lead me to him
 “ directly.”

The Squire obeyed and conducted the Count to the spot where the Knight was dressing himself. They recognized each other, and after the first compliments, the curiosity of both being very great, they desired to know each other's adventures, and the young Count began the relation of his in the following manner :

“ Some leagues hence our family have
 “ a feat which you know. I went to reside
 “ there

“ there in order to enjoy the sports of the
“ field, which this part of the country
“ affords in perfection. I had several
“ times followed the game, and a
“ good way towards this quarter, without
“ meeting any thing extraordinary,
“ and from experience I considered as
“ fabulous all the marvellous stories told
“ of this forest.

“ About nine months ago, having separated
“ from my party, about eleven
“ o’clock in the morning, I came to the
“ banks of a river, which cannot be very
“ far off.

“ It was excessively hot, and being very
“ dry I alighted from my horse to quench
“ my thirst.

“ The river, though pretty deep was
“ rapid. The water of it was as clear as
“ chrystal, and delightfully cool.

“ The verdant banks, enamelled with
“ flowers, and shaded from the rays of

“ the sun by groves of alder, and pop-
 “ lars, seemed by the union of conveni-
 “ ence and pleasantness to invite me to
 “ rest.

“ I tied my horse to a tree, and sitting
 “ down, fell into a reverie. By de-
 “ grees, as fatigue, the coolness and
 “ loneliness of the place, and rest, pro-
 “ duced their combined effects upon my
 “ senses, I became drowsy, and soon fell
 “ asleep.

“ I was suddenly awakened by a noise
 “ which proceeded from the middle of
 “ the river. I opened my eyes and
 “ looking towards the place thought I
 “ saw a woman carried along by the
 “ stream: she seemed to be almost
 “ drowned; but her head from time to
 “ time appeared above the water. I flew to
 “ her assistance, dressed as I was—I
 “ knew nothing of what happened after-
 “ wards, till I opened my eyes as if reviv-
 “ ing

“ ing from a deep trance without feeling any inconvenience.

“ I found myself in an apartment in the palace of Strigillina, who, you may suppose, was till then entirely unknown to me. That Princess and the ladies of her court stood in a circle round my bed.

“ You may guess how strange such a sight was to me; I should not find it easy to describe what I thought and suffered.

“ I several times felt myself to be convinced of the reality of my existence. In feeling I soon perceived that I was covered with feathers that grew in my flesh.

“ Attempting to pull one out I suffered acute pain that made me roar again, and I sprang up into a sitting posture by a kind of convulsive motion.

“ The ladies burst into fits of laughter.

‘ He is free :’ said Strigillina, whom by
 “ the tone she took I found to be the
 “ mistress. ‘ Madam,’ replied an atten-
 “ dant, ‘ this young gentleman seems to
 ‘ suit you : he has a handsome person
 ‘ and an easy air ; I suspect him to be
 ‘ giddy, but giddiness is no defect in a
 ‘ page ; besides time corrects it.’

“ Here the enchantress rose and left
 “ the apartment followed by her women,
 “ except one, who remained at my bed-
 “ side.

“ I stared with astonishment about me,
 “ and mechanically touched, one after
 “ another, the feathers with which I was
 “ covered from head to foot.

‘ Don’t be childish,’ said the atten-
 “ dant, taking me by the hand, ‘ you
 ‘ are well housed. Though you may be
 ‘ surprised, there is nothing to grieve
 ‘ you here. You have always heard
 ‘ the forest of Montgrand spoken ill of.

‘ It

‘ It is true, we keep off busy bodies by
 ‘ little pranks, but we heap favours on
 ‘ those who please us, and you fortu-
 ‘ nately are of this number.

‘ In the service for which you are in-
 ‘ tended there is nothing but what is
 ‘ honourable ; it places you near a per-
 ‘ son with whom, neither in dignity nor
 ‘ power, are even monarchs to be com-
 ‘ pared. Please your new mistress : her
 ‘ favours will have no other bounds
 ‘ than that power, of which she herself
 ‘ knows not the extent.

‘ Though we are very retired, you
 ‘ will find in our demesnes all the amuse-
 ‘ ments and pleasures suitable to your
 ‘ age. You will see no person of your
 ‘ own sex here, but you should be but
 ‘ the more flattered by the distinction
 ‘ that admits you.

‘ For a few days your new clothing
 ‘ will appear odd to you : but there is
 ‘ nothing

' nothing inconvenient in it ; one soon
 ' gets used to it ; and after a little use
 ' it will be found preferable to all the
 ' fashions of your courts. which would
 ' not be so changeable if they had any
 ' thing really and intrinsically pleasing
 ' in them.

' Take some of these preserves and
 ' liqueurs, and make haste to recover
 ' yourself : then come and enter into
 ' your place of Page and pay your
 ' court.' " Saying these words, the lady
 " attendant showed me, on a stand near
 " my bed, a collation which had been
 " prepared for me, and retired.

" I eat but little : to make amends
 " my imagination was not idle. My si-
 " tuation was a singular one to be sure,
 " but the marvellous I found in it only
 " gave it the greater zest. I therefore
 " made my mind up to my adventure,
 " flattering myself that I should soon
 " have

“ have it in my power to take a less
 “ subaltern part than that for which it
 “ appeared I was intended.

“ I rose and went to the glass to ex-
 “ amine my dress. It was the plum-
 “ age of a cock, enamelled with the
 “ most lively, agreeable, and variega-
 “ ted colours. A comb shaped like a
 “ rosebud, of a brilliant carnation, and a
 “ crest elegantly set on at the top com-
 “ posed my head-dress. The feathers of
 “ my tail which sprouted from my loins
 “ rose in a tuft to my shoulders where
 “ they rounded beautifully and then fell
 “ down again so low as completely to
 “ conceal their root. These feathers
 “ were of a dazzling white.

“ I was by no means displeased with
 “ my appearance: but on the con-
 “ trary thought myself a very elegant
 “ mask.

“ I then went to the room where the
 “ enchantress was amusing herself in see-
 “ ing her women dance. I was thought to
 “ have a bashful air, though I certainly
 “ was not so according to our notion
 “ of bashfulness : indeed I immediately
 “ began the ogling and leers which Stri-
 “ gillina and the ladies of her court di-
 “ verted themselves with practising on me.

“ A collation being brought in, I en-
 “ tered upon the exercise of my office in
 “ attendance on the enchantress, and
 “ was thought to acquit myself with to-
 “ lerable ease.

“ At night I joined in the dances.
 “ I took up a theorbo, played upon it,
 “ and sung. In all I came off trium-
 “ phantly, and thinking that I read in
 “ the eyes of my new mistress that I
 “ should have reason to be satisfied, I
 “ was readily inspired with confidence.

“ At

"At last the company broke up, and
 "I went to bed very eager for the con-
 "clusion of a romance which had begun
 "in so amusing a manner."
 "Three days passed without any al-
 "teration taking place in my situation:
 "during which time my leisure, of
 "which I had abundance, allowed
 "me to examine the plan of our re-
 "sidence. The inhabitants seemed oc-
 "cupied in amusements, in which I
 "was led to think there was a great deal
 "of innocence."
 "Excepting some young people, hardly
 "more than infants; who were employed
 "in mean and mechanical occupations,
 "I was in fact, as I had been told, the
 "only person of my sex with whom the
 "inhabitants of the palace had any sort
 "of connexion. It was not my inten-
 "tion to restrain myself to a simple fa-
 "miliarity: I formed designs on the
 "Princess,

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" Princess, as well as on her attendants,
" but I was not quite determined in my
" object, when in the evening of the
" third day the enchantress's confidante
" came up to me, and told me that her
" mistress wished to speak with me in pri-
" vate. I obeyed, and the enigma was
" soon resolved.

" You, Chevalier," continued Count
Florizel, with a complimentary smile
to the eloquence on which he knew
Tourville piqued himself. " You
" cannot but know the kind of en-
" tertainment in which Strigillina most
" delights. She tried my talents, and
" I must say appeared pleased with
" my fluency: but as one cannot say
" every thing in one night, it was neces-
" sary to postpone the sequel of our con-
" versation to the next day.

" We had several of these kind of con-
" versations, and apparently without any

“ weariness: however, Strigillina was not
 “ the only one who desired to chat with
 “ me. You probably knew one of her
 “ attendants called Gloriana: She had
 “ the bloom of youth, a fly look, and a
 “ forward air. This Gloriana requested
 “ in her turn a private conversation: I
 “ wished it as much as she did, and we
 “ were soon agreed.

“ But however fluent and talkative
 “ one may be, by constantly chattering
 “ night and day the lungs are exhausted:
 “ and at last it happened that I could not
 “ open my lips to the enchantress.

“ She thought me ill and was ex-
 “ tremely assiduous in her care for my
 “ recovery; but I did not regain my
 “ tongue. I was constantly silent, and
 “ it was easy to read in my heavy eyes
 “ that I thought as little as I spoke.

“ I soon became the object of four
 “ looks; but not being one of those who
 “ anticipate

“ anticipate trouble, I was not at all
 “ alarmed, till Gloriana, with a melan-
 “ choly look, roused me from my secu-
 “ rity and apprized me of the trick that
 “ was preparing for me.

“ Our attachment was not suspected,
 “ but throughout the palace I was become
 “ a troublesome object, and the matter
 “ was to get rid of me.

“ To-night,” said Gloriana, “ you are
 “ to have a julep given to you, pleasant
 “ to the taste, but of which the effect is
 “ an irretrievable loss of reason. You
 “ must show no distrust, for if you do,
 “ I know not what will be the conse-
 “ quence; but as soon as you have
 “ drunk the potion eat this lozenge; it
 “ is an antidote and will prevent the
 “ charm from operating.

“ When the potion is supposed to have
 “ produced its effect, you will be car-
 “ ried to a large menagerie, where you
 “ will

“ will find many birds of your kind,
 “ whose reason has not been preserved
 “ from the power of the mischievous
 “ julep. Brought by chance, or allured
 “ by artifice, to this palace, their adventures were at first much the same as
 “ yours; but in the sequel they found
 “ no one to do for them what I am
 “ going to risk for you.

“ Whenever you are in sight of the
 “ enchantress or of her keepers, copy
 “ exactly the manner of the sad companions of your misfortune. To conclude, if you love me, support your
 “ slavery with patience, and I will take
 “ care to soften its rigours, till I find an
 “ opportunity of giving you your liberty.

“ Every thing happened as Gloriana
 “ predicted. I dissembled to perfection:
 “ I was thought fully as stupid as it was
 “ intended I should be, and was put
 “ among

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“ among a crowd of human birds of
“ every kind who had not a single spark
“ of reason left.

“ I had ample subject for very melan-
“ choly meditation ; but night came on,
“ and with it the faithful Gloriana, who
“ dispelled all gloomy reflexions.

“ From that time she was punctual in
“ her visits, and I passed delightful
“ nights. With the assistance of my
“ benefactress I escaped from the walls
“ of my prison ; and we went by moon-
“ light to try our wings in the fields.
“ When we were tired of too much ex-
“ ercise, Gloriana only threw some es-
“ sences into the canals that ornamented
“ the gardens of the enchantress, which
“ instantly furnished us with tepid and
“ perfumed baths.

“ On quitting our baths we rambled
“ through the thickest groves, from
“ which darkness was entirely expelled
“ by

“ by phosphoric lights. The birds de-
 “ ceived, meaning to hail the morn, re-
 “ sumed their warbling, which the quiet
 “ and shades of night had interrupted.
 “ Exquisite refreshments were offered to
 “ us by invisible hands, and when we
 “ had partaken of them, the phosphori
 “ disappeared, leaving us to pursue our
 “ fancies in rambling through the plea-
 “ sing obscurity of the groves, or re-
 “ turning to the lawns and moonlight.

“ I took care to go back to my prison
 “ before day, the whole of which I
 “ spent in recovering from my nocturnal
 “ excursions, content with the present,
 “ careless of the future, and indifferent
 “ to every thing passing about me.

“ Not a month elapsed that our winged
 “ troop was not augmented with some
 “ recruit, nor a day that Strigillina or
 “ her companions did not take out some
 “ of

“ of our prisoners for their diversion, and
 “ then return them to their captivity.

“ The languor I affected, my constant
 “ sleepiness, and the little nourishment I
 “ was observed to take raised an idea
 “ that, I was in ill health, and, no doubt,
 “ spared me attentions for which I should
 “ have had no relish. I wished to be no-
 “ ticed by none but Gloriana; she was
 “ all sufficient for me: young, lively,
 “ unaffected, she loved me passionately,
 “ and I have no doubt loves me still. I
 “ was charmed with the turn of her
 “ mind. I wish I had more time to re-
 “ late to you all the excellent stories she
 “ told me of Strigillina and her compa-
 “ nions, all their little profligate traits:
 “ ah! how well was she acquainted with
 “ her sex!

“ It was but this very night we were
 “ talking on the subject, when about
 “ day-

“ day-light, my mistress gave a shriek,
 “ ran from me, and disappeared. At
 “ the same moment, a dreadful noise
 “ was heard, the walls about us fell
 “ in, vanished in smoke, and I found
 “ myself naked by my clothes, among the
 “ people with whom Joe saw me. They
 “ are apparently the feathered gentry of
 “ the menagerie.

“ I rose and looking around me saw no
 “ vestige of palace or gardens remaining.
 “ Was it all but an illusion? but how is
 “ it dissipated? What is become of Glo-
 “ riana? I dread the enchantress’s ven-
 “ geance, if she is doomed to be her vic-
 “ tim: if I am to lose Gloriana, I shall
 “ be for ever inconsolable.”

Florizel having concluded the reci-
 tal of his adventure, Tourville in turn
 related his, omitting no circumstance
 from the moment of his entering the fo-
 rest till the instant that Strigillina and her
 compa-

companions, after the dissolution of the enchantment, flew away under the form of most hideous harpies. Walking forward as they spoke, the gentlemen were soon on the road leading to the country seat belonging to the youth's father, and after many civilities on both sides they took leave of each other.

Tourville and Joe being now alone, the latter broke silence which he had long unwillingly kept.

“ This young gentleman,” said he,
 “ should not have been so tempted to
 “ run after his Gloriana ; he was a little
 “ crest fallen at your picture of her, and
 “ and it is a pity that our fashionable
 “ young gentlemen are not made to see
 “ in a similar deshabille the mistresses
 “ they are proud of. This youth seems
 “ to me to be a downright libertine. I
 “ was not pleased with the story he told
 “ us ; I had a great mind to tell him
 “ my

“ my opinion of it ; for I have a very
“ great respect for his father the Marquis
“ of Thorismond.”

“ Joe,” replied Tourville, “ you would
“ have made an excellent pedagogue ;
“ you are ready in preaching reform,
“ and you are very liberal in the gift of
“ your advice——”

“ Sometimes, Sir,” cried Joe, “ I
“ can give very tolerable.”

“ And pray,” said his master, inter-
rupting him, “ what did you mean by
“ those motions of the head and shrugs
“ of the shoulders while I was relating
“ my adventure ?”

“ I thought,” replied the Squire,
“ that you might as well have said no-
“ thing of many things, on which you
“ had been cautioned ; or at least not
“ have taken a hairbrained youth for
“ your confidant.”

“ I see,” said the Knight, “ that you
“ think

“ think I should pay great attention to
“ the President of the strange assembly
“ into which we were introduced last
“ night.”

“ He has long arms, Sir,” replied
Joe, “ and I think that there are claws
“ at the ends of them. But what is it to
“ me ! Write all you have seen in verse
“ and prose ; neither good nor ill will
“ happen to me for it.” As Joe said
this, they arrived at the door of a solitary
inn in the country, which they entered,
being very much fatigued.

CHAP. VI.

The devil himself could not pronounce a name
More hateful to mine ear.

SHAKSPEARE.

SIGISMOND having entered alone the city of Damascus, pell-mell, with the flying enemy, had soon a host of assailants upon him : the affrighted Saracens became bold on finding they had to oppose only a single combatant ; but the Count of Tours whom danger rendered the more formidable, redoubled his blows and dealt carnage and death wherever his sword fell. His foes dreading to approach him, seemed waiting till he had exhausted his strength to take him, when
Gonoran

Gonoran the son-in-law of Saladin appeared.

This warrior issued from the palace at the head of the Sultan's guard in order to favour the retreat of his troops. Sigismund seemed to gain new strength at sight of an adversary nobler than those with whom he had previously engaged, and ran to meet the Saracen, who, young, ardent, presumptuous and greedy of fame, was enraged that a warrior, already fatigued with the many battles he had fought should dare flatter himself that he might dispute with him the victory, gave way to his passion, and received his death blow from the arm of Sigismund who fell wounded at the same time. They were both conveyed into the palace.

The Count of Tours as soon as his wound was dressed, was taken to the fort
of

of Elima, where he found himself treated more as a hostage than as an enemy, and where, he received every assistance to promote his recovery. The Sultan's ministers were at a loss to account for the relaxation of their master's ferocity; he who till that day had signalized himself by unparalleled cruelty on the Christians whom the fortune of war had thrown into his hands; he who raved whenever he heard their name pronounced.

At length he opened himself to the principal members of his council. "I
 " now," said he, " have in my power,
 " that formidable Christian, whose arm
 " and counsels have, from the com-
 " mencement of the war, given the most
 " dreadful blows to my dominion; that
 " Christian who before my eyes has just
 " forced one of the strongest entrench-
 " ments of my capital, and bathed his
 " hands in the blood of a son whose wis-
 " dom

“ dom and bravery were my greatest fe-
 “ curity. Were I to yield to the impulse
 “ of my passion, this rash warrior should
 “ instantly atone for the tears he has
 “ drawn from me ; my trembling hand
 “ should plunge this dagger into his
 “ heart : but I owe to my religion and
 “ the state a more political vengeance.
 “ Either heaven has thrown into my
 “ hands the means of repairing my past
 “ misfortunes, or the prisoner whom it
 “ has delivered to me shall serve, by the
 “ manner in which I shall treat him, to
 “ intimidate in future even such men as
 “ he. He is in the prime of life, born
 “ to sovereign power, and of an illustri-
 “ ous house. I will endeavour to attach
 “ him to me by the ties of blood, and if
 “ the expectancy of my crown be not a
 “ sufficient excitement of his ambition
 “ to induce him to abjure his errors and
 “ abandon his country, why should I
 “ delay

"delay putting into his hands a sceptre,
 " which I am too old and feeble to de-
 " fend, and of which death must soon de-
 " prive me? Happy if my eyes, already
 " half closed by the angel of death, be
 " yet permitted to see the standard of
 " our holy prophet, in the hands of this
 " new proselite, driving back to the ex-
 " tremities of the West, whence they
 " were vomited, this deluge of barbari-
 " ans whom fanaticism and avarice have
 " armed against us. But, if my brilliant
 " officers cannot vanquish his proud heart;
 " if he refuse to restore me in his own
 " person a son and a champion, of which
 " his arm has deprived me, nothing shall
 " save him from death: and that death
 " shall be ignominious and exemplary,
 " that the army of the Franks may be
 " convinced how much I rely on
 " my own strength, and despise their
 " arms, as well as how dreadful it is to

“ expose themselves to my vengeance.”

While Saladin thus explained himself to his confidential ministers, Sigismond, deceived by appearances, considered as marks of humanity the attentions which were bestowed upon him through policy.

Having recovered his strength sufficiently to walk about his room, he was meditating on the means of negotiating for his liberty, when the Drogoman appointed to attend him came and apprized him that a minister of religion desired to speak to him on the part of the Sultan.

The Imam was introduced. He entered with an air in which gentleness and gravity were mixed, laid a book, which he brought under his arm, on a table and seated himself cross-legged on a sofa at the Count's bedside, rose a moment after,

per-

performed the salem, and then in the French tongue, said :

“ Praised be God and his holy Pro-
phet who have permitted you, Seig-
neur, for your good to become the
captive of the invincible and generous
Saladin !”

After this opening, at which the Count was not a little surprised, the learned Doctor paused ; but finding that he received no answer, continued to unfold the subject of his embassy in these terms :

“ Seigneur, the ways by which the
Most High conducts the affairs of
mankind are often incomprehensible.
When the cedar of Lebanon falls be-
neath the stroke of the ax, ask it if
it knows that it is destined to share the
empire of the seas. Saladin being de-
prived by you of his son-in-law, the
beautiful Sejame widowed by your
arm, and you yourself, Seigneur, re-
duced

" duced as you are to the unfortunate
 " state of captivity, what should you ex-
 " pect from the storms that rage around
 " you, but that the thunder that threat-
 " ens you should fall upon your head?
 " It belongs alone to the sun of divine
 " goodness to ripen delicious fruits on
 " trees whose sap is full of bitterness.
 " The sultan Saladin, by heaven inspired,
 " and charmed with your heroic quali-
 " ties, offers you, Seigneur, the hand of
 " the princess his daughter with the
 " sceptre of the two Syrias."

Sigismond, astonished at the preamble,
 and still more at the conclusion of this
 harangue, was some time silent before he
 replied. At length he said: "The Sul-
 " tan ought to know that I am by birth
 " a sovereign, and belong to my subjects;
 " that I am not at liberty to dispose
 " either of my heart or my hand, both
 " being engaged. Besides, neither rea-
 " son,

“ son, duty, nor my age permits me to
 “ yield to the impulses of ambition, and
 “ still less to form a new attachment :
 “ however, you may assure the Sultan
 “ that I am grateful for the kind and flat-
 “ tering offers he has made me through
 “ you.”

“ Seigneur,” replied the Iman, “ your
 “ wisdom may consider at leisure the im-
 “ portance of the crown offered to you ;
 “ but with respect to the engagements
 “ by which you consider yourself bound,
 “ the beautiful eyes of the sultana Se-
 “ jame will free you from them, with
 “ the assistance of our holy Islamism.”

Sigismond suddenly sitting up, ex-
 claimed : “ What do you mean to make
 “ a Turk of me ?”

“ I have brought with me,” the Doc-
 tor modestly replied, “ the book of
 “ light : allow me, Seigneur——”

“ I allow ?” cried the Count : “ I

“ read your book of blasphemy ! I
 “ never learned to read, thank God ! The
 “ late Count my father, of glorious me-
 “ mory, could never either read or write.
 “ He would always rather fight than
 “ argue ; he lived a worthy knight and
 “ died a good Christian, and left me his
 “ example and his faith for an inheri-
 “ tance.

“ But, Seigneur,” continued the
 Iman, “ would you brave the anger of
 “ Saladin ? My duty compels me to
 “ make known to you the severe extre-
 “ mity to which you are reduced ; there
 “ is but this alternative for you ; to
 “ reign over the Syrians or suffer an ig-
 “ nominous death.”

“ With all my heart ! replied the
 “ Count with the same fire, “ I shall
 “ give glory to God, who will revenge
 “ my cause——” “ But, Seigneur,
 “ why set such little value on life or
 “ greatness ?

" greatness? Why sacrifice them to a
 " prejudice so easily removed by listen-
 " ing to the light of reason? Let us
 " read only one chapter; suffer me to
 " explain to you—"

" "Death! Monsieur l'Abbé," cried
 the Count to the Iman, starting from his
 bed and showing him the handle of his
 cimetar, " behold the cross of my sword,
 " the only badge of my faith I can find
 " here; I will stretch you on the ground
 " with it if you persist in attempting to
 " pervert me to heresy. Go to the
 " devil with your Sultana, her Syria, and
 " her Mahomet. Tell the invincible
 " Saladin, that I despise his offers even
 " more than his threats; that God is in
 " heaven, and Philip at the gates of Da-
 " mascus."

The countenance, look, and tone of
 voice of Sigismoad terrified the Iman.
 He withdrew, and went to impart his
 K 5 success-

successful negotiation to him who had sent him.

Saladin breathed nothing but vengeance, and the fate of Sigismond was pronounced. He chose for the scene of execution an advanced bastion of the works of fort Elima, the platform of which was visible from the camp of the Christians. The spot appeared secure: in the assault it had been neglected; the assailants treating with contempt a fort which must necessarily follow the fate of Damascus.

In order to make the greater impression on the mind of his people, the Tyrant resolved, in the bloody sacrifice he was about to make, to mingle the ceremonies of religion with military show.

On the day appointed for the Count's execution, he was taken from his apartment and conducted to the platform of the bastion: the garrison of Elima were
turned

turned out as guards on the occasion; the body of the ministers of the Musselman religion, belonging to the principal Mosque at Damascus, walked in procession before him, and stood round him; the people whose curiosity had been excited by the preparations went in crowds to see the tragical scene.

Every thing was now ready for the sacrifice; Sigismond bound, standing near the stake on which he was to perish, had already rejected with contempt the Alcoran, which an Iman would have had him place on his heart and on his head; already drawn down upon himself the indignation of those around him, by repeating with firmness the profession of his faith: at length the signal of execution was made.

On a sudden a warrior armed, cap-a-pee, appeared on the parapet, whence he darted to the middle of the platform,

overturning all that stood in his way. The affrighted Imans precipitately retired, and the warrior, approaching the Count, cut the bafe cords with which that prince was bound. The guards advanced to prevent it, but the cries of alarm that arofe on every fide called them to the defence of the walls which the enemy were scaling.

The Christians had made their way into the ditches of the bafion through a fubterranean paffage, which had been completed without the befieged being apprized of it. At the time that the ladders were applied to the walls, the fentinels, having their eyes fixed on the Count of Tours, and abforbed by what was paffing on the platform, did not perceive what was doing round their pofts. The guards were furrounded before they could defend themfelves: a part of them were put to the fword by the affailants, while

while the rest fled, spreading terror by their cries. The garrison was thrown into confusion, the officers did not know where to post themselves: the orders given were confused and indecisive, and the execution of them tumultuous, embarrassed, and timid; the contest was every where in favour of the Christians.

Meanwhile the Count of Tours, seeing but one man, at sight of whom all the Saracens seemed to be panic-struck, fixed his eyes on the intrepid warrior whom terror preceded, accompanied, and followed, and who seemed come, as by a miracle, to restore him to life, liberty, and his crown, and unable to resist the impulse of his gratitude, threw his arms around his neck, and pressed him warmly to his bosom.

At this rapture the unfortunate youth, for it was Egremont, flattering himself that he had now obtained his
pardon,

pardon, took off his helmet and falling on his knee presented his uncovered head to the embraces of his master, whom he thought he had at length disarmed.

“Lightnings blast thee! Wretch!” cried the Count drawing back with horror at sight of features still hateful to his eyes. Egremont, in consternation and oppressed with grief, left his presence: and fortunately, for had he staid a moment longer the hand of Sigismond would have been dishonoured by the murder of his preserver.

The sovereign of Touraine, torn from the hands of the executioners by a single warrior, in a fortified place, in the midst of a hostile people, and where the assailant appeared on the ramparts without having been seen in the ditch or on the walls, are doubtless very extraordinary facts: but it should be remembered that uncommon courage, and superior views had prepared the

the way for this success; and circumstances happily seized had removed the difficulties.

Egremont in determining to deliver the father of his beloved Hippolita followed the dictates of nature, and at the same time served Religion, the State, and his Sovereign. He perhaps flattered himself too, that he should at length soften the heart of the unforgiving Sigismund : no sooner therefore was he informed of that Prince's misfortune than he tried all that the most desperate valour could undertake to deliver him from captivity. Foremost in every assault, foremost in repelling every sortie, forever seeking by challenges to draw the Saracens into single combats in the hope of securing some illustrious hostage, and ever returning covered with glory even from enterprizes in which fortune did not favour him.

The innumerable instances of such

astounding valour, fixed the attention of the Christian army, and all the illustrious adventurers in it had taken Egremont as a leader and a model: Philip beheld them with pleasure repair to a standard which was always accompanied with terror and victory.

Egremont, who by this command was enabled to project the greatest enterprises, knew that fort Elima was the Count of Tours's prison, conceived the design of entering it secretly by means of a subterranean passage.

The tunnel was opened at such a distance from the fort that the enemy could have no knowledge of the works; and they had proceeded with such spirit and skill, that they had reached the ditch, when intelligence arrived which disconcerted the pioneers.

The Sultan enraged by the refusal of the Count of Tours, had issued orders for
prepa-

preparations for his execution. Egremont, pressed by the circumstance, changed his design of digging a way into Elima, to that of taking advantage of the passage already dug as far as the ditch, to storm the fort at the very moment chosen by the Sultan for the murder of the Count.

At the appointed time the troop of daring adventurers opened the way into the ditches of Elima, and separating into three divisions, scaled the fort, when Egremont pushing on alone into the midst of the Saracens where there appeared the least chance of his opening a passage, overturned all that opposed him, and flew to the scaffold. Alas! what was his reward? A petrifying look from the man for whose preservation he had toiled and fought, words capable of throwing the firmest mind into despair.

At this last stroke of fortune reason forsook the unhappy Egremont: he resolved

solved to seek his death, but at the same time in the most obscure manner. He threw off his arms, now become a useless load, endeavouring to avoid the tumultuous and joyous congratulations of his heroic followers, who would have encircled his brow with a new laurel. He leaped into the ditch of the fort which he had carried, and fled across the country, without any determined project or decided road.

Nothing could stop him ; neither the excessive heats of the day, the darkness of the night, the impediments in the paths he opened through bushes, rocks, and sands, nor the rivers that lay in his way. The depression of his mind prevented his feeling that his strength, exhausted by laborious toils, would soon be unable to support a body that had been so long without rest or food.

He at last arrived at the entrance of a forest,

forest, from which the light of day was excluded by the multitude of branches that intertwined with one another, and by the thickness of their foliage. Brambles full of prickles, ivy twisted over roots left bare by deluges, and a rocky uneven soil seemed to prohibit the approach of a place frightful to all but the mischievous animals, the venemous reptiles, and the monsters that made it their abode. A torrent rushing from the summit of a scorched mountain fell dashing with a tremendous noise upon enormous rocks; the water, bubbling and foaming, spouted to a great distance, and by its uncertain and impetuous course completed the horrors of this frightful solitude.

Hère, overcome with hunger, thirst, fatigue, and grief, the unhappy Knight, at length, sunk under the weight of so many united evils; his knees bent, his head reclined, and his whole frame borne down

down fell senseless on the ground : the coolness of the place, however, in a little time brought him to himself, and the idea of Hippolita, that dear yet painful image, returned, and restored to his soul its wonted sensibility. Tears streamed from his eyes : “ Alas ! ” exclaimed he, in broken accents accompanied with sighs, “ I lived but for her ; I shall “ never see her more ; I must die.” Then apostrophizing himself in a kind of agonizing transport ; “ Thou livest but for “ her ? Thou hast lived only to her “ sorrow ! It is for thee, for thee, that “ the most am able Princess, so worthy “ of the advantages to which she was “ born, deprived of her prospects, become the talk of the world, perhaps a “ prey to remorse, and detesting the “ fatal day she saw thee, is now suffering “ disgrace and captivity, unless death has “ put an end to her sorrows ; and thou “ livest

“livest but for her! Die! die! die a
 “thousand deaths, wretch that thou art,
 “and may the remembrance of thy
 “crime die with thee!”

The unfortunate deliverer of the Count of Tours must have perished, had not Providence sent to his assistance a hermit whom hatred of the world and love of wisdom had brought to this hideous desert. He was finishing his career with bodily labour, meditation, study, and penitence.

Having been working in the little field from the produce of which he derived his subsistence, he was returning to the grotto where he usually reposed, and as he walked by the side of the torrent discovered Egremont stretched on the ground. He approached him with that compassion which noble minds feel at the sight of the unfortunate, conceiving at first that the sad rites of burial was all the kindness he could now ever render him. He soon, however,

however, perceived that he was mistaken, and that the appearances he had observed were only those of a dangerous swoon.

He eagerly exerted himself to recover the stranger, trying water, and then shaking him violently: but finding his endeavours ineffectual, and that the disease resisted such feeble remedies, he hastened to his cell and brought a vial full of the juices of herbs, the virtue of which he had been taught by experience. The poison operated; life returned, Egremont opened his eyes, and recovered his senses and his speech. Again the woes which had reduced him to this deplorable state crowding on his memory called forth a deep sigh, and bathed his cheeks with tears. The kind hermit, unable to resist the tenderness inspired by the amiable stranger, wept with him. “Alas! “young man!” said he, “of what nature are the troubles which have
“plunged

“ plunged you into so deplorable a state?
 “ What design has brought you to this
 “ retired spot through grounds unknown,
 “ untrod? Heaven, that protects you, has
 “ no doubt led me hither to snatch you
 “ from the gates of a death which was
 “ not in the order of its providence.
 “ Speak, open your heart; perhaps it is
 “ intended that I should second its views
 “ in restoring tranquillity to your soul, as
 “ I have been the means of restoring life
 “ to your body. If you have lost
 “ worldly goods or vain honours, tell me,
 “ and my tongue, inspired, shall impress
 “ upon your heart all the contempt I feel
 “ for those imaginary treasures. If the
 “ passions have misled your youth and
 “ plunged you into excesses for which
 “ you have reason to blush, let me
 “ know, I am a man acquainted with
 “ our weakness. I speak to you in the
 “ name of him whose hand humbleth
 “ and

CHAP. VII.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE fair Violetta, who left the palace of Demetrius trembling, began to resume her courage as soon as she saw the vessel with a fair wind leaving the island of the Melologues. Her mind now became calm : agitation and apprehension having for several days banished rest, her eyes by degrees became heavy, closed, and in spite of the inconveniences of the place, and the awkwardness of the situation, our traveller fell into a sweet and gentle sleep.

Mean-

Meanwhile her guide fell into a most agreeable waking dream, and yielded himself to the illusions of a very flattering hope. He considered himself as the possessor of a most beautiful creature, made her the mistress of his heart, and with the avarice natural to low minds, meditated on the means of making her useful to his fortune.

The visionary reasoning of the musician ran thus : “ This beauty has a de-
 “ meanour that commands respect—She
 “ pretends to high birth, but says no-
 “ thing on any other point—this looks
 “ like adventure. Her education seems to
 “ have been attended to—has it not been
 “ too much so in certain respects ? I was
 “ struck with the exactness and facility
 “ with which she acted the different
 “ parts I made signs to her to assume be-
 “ fore the sovereign of the Melologues—
 “ Is she some city quality ? Is she a thea-

“ trical princess?—What should I lose
 “ by the change?—I have a project, in
 “ which I require to be seconded. I
 “ have some excellent pieces which we
 “ may play off—they are known; I will
 “ be the author of them—I must take a
 “ name—Count Julien——Yes! Julien
 “ Count of Hauterive—good. We shall
 “ frequent the courts of princes—we
 “ will insinuate ourselves. To exist with
 “ decency at a distance from home it is
 “ absolutely necessary to frame a history:
 “ I will not be one of your uncommonly
 “ unfortunate people—the world hate
 “ unfortunate people. No; let me have
 “ embarrassments that interest, that af-
 “ fect; but which leave hope behind
 “ them—Some jealousy, rivalry, or am-
 “ bitious elder brother—A rich uncle
 “ from whom supplies are expected, but
 “ who happened to be out of the way—
 “ A shade more or less; we have time
 “ to arrange all this—Figure, spirit, ta-
 “ lents,

“ lents, birth, temporary difficulties ;
 “ what better introduction could we
 “ have ! The king receives us favour-
 “ ably : the queen cannot bear that the
 “ countess should reside out of the pa-
 “ lace—we must prepare for little jea-
 “ lousies : they always attend on merit.
 “ Then follow two intrigues —I——”

Grouvelle would have gone on build-
 ing his castle had not a lurch of the vessel,
 occasioned by the change of the sails, awak-
 ened the sleeping beauty. Her guide ap-
 proached her, took her hand and kissed it.
 This was a very equivocal mark of re-
 spect, and surprised Violetta, who showed
 some displeasure : but Grouvelle taking
 no notice of it, proceeded to speak with
 great freedom.

“ Thank heaven ! Madam ;” said he,
 “ I think you may congratulate yourself
 “ on a happy escape. As for me, I have
 “ exposed my life, I have abandoned a

“ fair prospect of fortune ; - but these
“ sacrifices will be overpaid, if you will
“ permit me to live and die your slave.”

While Grouvelle spoke thus, a cloud passing over the moon prevented his observing on the countenance of the indignant maid, the extraordinary effect produced by his speech.

Grouvelle, interpreting her silence in his favour, again seized her hand and pressed it ardently. She struggled to disengage it, cried out, and attempted to fly ; but no one attended to her cries ; the sailors continued to smoke, sing, and coolly hand their sails. Flight was impossible, and the musician, though with a submissive air, kept his hold unmercifully.

Violetta again sat down ; tears, sobs, vapours and swoons succeeded with scarcely any intermission. Grouvelle paid her every attention, applied a smelling bottle
and

and took such pains that in the end the lady revived, and in broken accents addressed him thus :

“ Leave me, monster ! or I will throw
 “ myself into the sea : I shall never for-
 “ give myself the familiarities you have
 “ dared to take with me. Think not to
 “ take advantage of the misfortune that
 “ has thrown me into your hands ; death
 “ is less dreadful to me than the shame
 “ of admitting for a moment such an ob-
 “ ject into my thoughts, and it shall be
 “ my resource against any violence you
 “ may dare to attempt.”

Grouvelle was bold, but the determined tone of this speech disconcerted him : not being a man, however, to relinquish his hopes easily, and piqued at the contempt with which he was treated, he thought proper to assume a lofty tone in his attack and defence.

“ Hitherto, Madam,” said he, “ I have

“ to reproach myself with a passion which
 “ has been very serviceable to you, and
 “ I did not think I should appear a
 “ monster in your eyes : perhaps I do
 “ myself too much honour in paying my
 “ addresses to you ; but in prizing you
 “ as much as you deserve, that is to say,
 “ infinitely, I see nothing in my conduct
 “ to disgust you. Had I the vanity na-
 “ tural to some of my profession who
 “ have had their head turned by some
 “ adventure, I might, as an excuse for
 “ myself, tell you of several instances of
 “ rashness on my part much less autho-
 “ rized than this, and which were not so
 “ unsuccessful. I should say that a heart
 “ tenderly devoted is entitled to pity ;
 “ and farther that talents enoble their
 “ possessors, and put them upon a par
 “ with all the world.”

Violetta during this speech had come
 a little to herself : it was no slight matter
 for

for her that an affair which was begun by so smart an action had been turned into a parley.

“ Sir,” replied she, “ I know not whether any persons of my rank in life have respected themselves less than they ought to do : if so I pity them, but cannot think their example a precedent for me. In respect to the services you have rendered me, forget the motive of them, and you may expect all the gratitude in my power.”

“ Madam,” said Grouvelle, with a timid, abashed, but tender air, “ load me with contempt and anger ; I have doubtless merited both, but do not deprive me of the hope of dying in your service ; I will no longer aspire to any other reward. I have been impelled by an emotion too strong for my reason : the humiliation is all my own ; and yet such are the prejudices

“ both of your sex and mine, that a great-
“ er restraint on my part might have
“ been considered as an unpardonable
“ offence : but banish all apprehension,
“ Madam ; whatever in future be my
“ feelings and sensations ; though you
“ reign in my heart, you shall know it
“ only by the excess of my devotion to
“ your slightest wishes.”

This modest speech of Grouvelle’s was not heard without some degree of embarrassment. To be loved without hope, and respected by a man in whose power one is, must be an awkward situation for a lady : it is dangerous to listen, and difficult to impose silence.

Meanwhile the sun beginning to appear upon the horizon, the crew, who were now ready for their breakfast laid out on the deck some of the provisions they had brought with them. Grouvelle picked out the least coarse, and offered

ferred them to the fair wanderer, to whom the abstinence of the preceding days made them appear less disagreeable. Violetta and her deliverer eat in silence. The crew intent on the prospect of completing their escape, conversed on topics natural on the occasion; while Grouvelle, still keeping his original plan in view, proposed to the lady after breakfast to amuse their time in reciting a dialogue of his composition. No harm seemed likely to arise from this, and Violetta consenting, Grouvelle recited a poem as one who knew his powers and how to make the most of them. Observing that he had engaged the lady's attention, and that she had a little relaxed from her stateliness, he ventured to jest on the virtues of courtiers, and told her the following story:

THE PILGRIM'S ADVENTURE.

A King of Naples, whose name was Roger, being out hunting, separated from his suite and lost his way in the forest, where he met a pilgrim, a good looking man, who not knowing who he was, accosted him freely, and asked the way to Naples.

"Friend," said the king, "you must have come a great way, for your shoes are very dusty."

"Yet," replied the pilgrim, "they have not all the dust that they have kicked up."

"You must have seen and learned many things," said Roger, "in your travels?"

"I have seen," answered the pilgrim, "many people who fretted for trifles; and I have learned not to be discouraged by a first refusal: so, I pray you again
" to

“ to direct me the road I must take, for
 “ the night is coming on, and I must
 “ think of a lodging.”

“ Do you know any body at Naples ?”
 said the King. “ No,” quoth the Pilgrim.
 “ You are not sure then,” continued the King,
 “ of being well received there.”—“ I am sure at least,” replied
 the pilgrim, “ of forgiving those who
 “ receive me badly without knowing me :
 “ but the night is coming on ; which is
 “ the way to Naples ?”

“ But suppose I have lost my way as
 “ well as you,” replied Roger, “ how
 “ can I direct you ? The best we can do
 “ is to try and find it together.”

“ That would be very comfortable,”
 said the pilgrim, “ if you were not on
 “ horseback, but I should go too slow for
 “ you, or you too fast for me.”

“ You are right,” said Roger, “ every
 “ thing should be equal between us, as
 “ we

“ we are in the same predicament.” Saying which he dismounted, and walked with the pilgrim. “ Can you guess whom you are in company with ?” said he to his companion.

“ Pretty nearly : ” quoth the pilgrim : “ if I am not very much mistaken, I am in company with a man.”

“ But,” continued Roger, “ do you think yourself safe in my company ?”

“ I expect civility from honest folks,” said the pilgrim, “ and I am not afraid of robbers.”

“ Can you believe,” added Roger, “ that you are in company with the King of Naples ?”

“ I am rejoiced to hear it,” replied the pilgrim ; “ I am not afraid of Kings ; it is not they that hurt us : but as you are the King, I give you joy that you have met me. I am perhaps the first man
“ who

“ who has appeared before you with his
“ own face.”

“ Well !” said the King, “ I must not
“ be the only one to profit by our meet-
“ ing : come with me, and I will make
“ your fortune.”

“ It is already made, Sire,” replied the
pilgrim : “ I carry it with me. I have
“ here,” added he, shewing his staff and
scrip, “ two good friends that will never
“ let me want any thing, I wish with
“ all my heart that you enjoyed, in the
“ possession of your crown, as much satisf-
“ faction as I have in them.”

“ Are you happy then ?” said Roger.
“ If man can be so ;” replied the pil-
grim ; “ at all events I have sworn to
“ go and hang myself, if I find a happier
“ man.”

“ But,” said the King, “ how is it
“ that you are content with your lot, de-
“ pending as you do on every body ?”

“ Should

“ Should I be happier,” said the pilgrim, “ if every body depended upon me ? ”

“ You may now go and hang yourself,” said Roger, “ for I think I am happier than you.”

“ If this mishap must befall me,” quoth the pilgrim, “ I should think some fellow more idle than myself would strike the blow. I should not expect it from the quarter it comes from : but as it is no very pleasant step to take, I think we should first of all cast up our accounts together.”

“ That will be soon done,” said Roger. “ I have the comforts of life in great abundance. When I travel, it is at my ease, as you may see ; for I am well mounted, and have in my stables three hundred horses as good as this. when I return to Naples I am certain of being perfectly well received.”

“ I shall ask but one question,” said the

the pilgrim. "Do you enjoy these com-
 " forts with a zest? Do you manage
 " your affairs without ambition, and
 " without anxiety?"

"That's requiring too much pil-
 " grim," replied Roger.

"Your Majesty will pardon me," said
 the pilgrim, "but as the decision is to
 " be attended with consequences of a
 " very serious nature to me, I must add
 " all I can to the account. My side of
 " it is as follows :

"I follow an honest calling. I have
 " a good appetite, can make a good sup-
 " per on whatever is put before me, and
 " I sleep soundly all night long. I rise
 " fresh and active ; I go wherever curi-
 " osity, devotion, or fancy leads me. If
 " I tire of Naples to-morrow, next day
 " the rest of the world is at my choice.
 " You will allow, Sire, that if I lose
 " against you, I lose with a fair game."

"Pil-

“ Pilgrim,” said the Monarch, “ I
 “ perceive that you are not tired of life,
 “ and with reason. I own that I have
 “ lost; but in return for the confession I
 “ make, I desire you will be my guest
 “ while you stay at Naples.”

“ Not I indeed, Sire;” replied the
 pilgrim: “ not that I think myself un-
 “ worthy of the honour you would do
 “ me; but you would expose both
 “ yourself and me to the satirical remarks
 “ of your courtiers. While they openly
 “ extolled your charity, and affected to
 “ treat me civilly, they would ask in
 “ whispers where you had picked up
 “ this unknown fellow, this vagabond;
 “ what you meant to do with him;
 “ what talents, what merit you found in
 “ me. You would be charged with cre-
 “ dulity, with levity, or worse.”

“ And where,” cried Roger, “ has
 “ my pilgrim become acquainted with
 “ courts?”

“ courts ? ” — “ I was born a courtier,” replied the pilgrim, “ and succeeded to my father’s office, who was a purveyor of the palace : but though I might have lived at my ease, I soon grew tired of hearing an excellent master abused in private by those who flattered him in public, and of seeing that he was constantly deceived ; in short, of living with people who had nothing elevated but their exterior : after a while, I left them to go and look elsewhere for nature, sentiment, candour, and liberty. Since that time I have been running about the world.”

“ And do you think,” said the Monarch, “ that all courts are alike ? ”

“ They are all governed by the same spirit : ” replied the pilgrim.

“ You have a very bad opinion then,” added the King, “ of courtiers.”

“ You would be of my opinion, Sire,”
said

said the pilgrim, " if they would show
 " themselves to you in their real charac-
 " ter : but they take care not to do that,
 " and would be finely alarmed if they
 " imagined you could read their hearts.
 " If you have no objection, I will fur-
 " nish you with the means of amusing
 " yourself at their expence. There is
 " nothing very extraordinary in the means
 " I would propose ; it requires only a
 " little mystery." The pilgrim was ex-
 plaining his plan, when the noise of
 horns and of dogs was heard approach-
 ing, on which the stranger separated from
 the King that he might not be observed
 by the royal attendants, while Roger,
 mounting and clapping spurs to his horse,
 galloped to meet the hounds.

On the next day the pilgrim found an
 opportunity of presenting a petition to
 the monarch, who received it indifferent-
 ly, and, as if he had never before seen
 the

the man, appeared at first a little surprised. He then ordered him to be conducted to the palace, where he gave him a private audience, which lasted two hours : he afterwards assumed a thoughtful and embarrassed air, enough to perplex all the speculators at court.

Those courtiers who only served to compose the train or augment the crowd dared not express their curiosity ; but his Majesty's minister, mistress, and favourite, and all who shared his confidence, soon ventured to make some enquiry on the subject that seemed to engross his attention.

“ I have been conversing with a very
 “ extraordinary man,” said the King to
 his minister, who was the first that
 spoke to him on the subject : “ he is ac-
 “ quainted with supernatural secrets.
 “ He has told and shown me very strange
 “ things. See what a present he has
 “ made

had been engaged to represent it to him, he ordered the pilgrim to be summoned to a public audience. The courtiers being all assembled, and the culprit standing before his Majesty, Roger thus addressed him: "Pilgrim! You are no conjurer; but you know the world. You laid a wager that I should find no person at my court willing to appear to me such as he really is: you have won your wager. Here is your mirror again: I know that you bought it at a shop in Naples, and considering that it cost only two Caroluses, it has answered our purpose very well."

Scarcely had Grouvelle finished his story when a cry of land from a sailor at the mast-head spread joy throughout the vessel. It was at a distance, hardly to be seen: doubts arose, and "where, where?"

was

was the question. A dark speck upon the horizon was pointed out to the anxious eye. The voyagers trembled lest fatal wind should rise, and dissipate the object on which their hopes were founded, like the ever varying clouds which it resembled. In a little time this almost imperceptible speck began to spread : then some bright rays of the sun striking directly upon it, the mixture of shades and lights gave it a sparkling appearance of gold and azure. Presently after, the various objects were seen in their natural form and colours. The plains sunk before the cloud-capped hills. The enamelled meadows every where broke upon the sight. Forests were distinguished skirting the valleys and protecting the verdure with their shade. The palm, cypress, and lofty pine shooting high their slender stems bore to the skies their waving tops. The corroborating report of the other land

confirmed in succession the quick approach to the object on which the wishes of the voyagers were bent ; the myrtle and the citron-tree, flowering, were recognized by their fragrance, while the air, gently moved, bore to the delighted ear the murmur of the waves, which spreading, advancing, retreating, broke in curls upon the beach, and spent themselves among the little shells that bordered the shore.

At length the vessel sailed into a little bay protected from the Southern and Libyan winds by two small promontories : it was calm, deep, and every where surrounded by a silver coloured sand.

As the bark was not provided with a boat to land them, the voyagers were obliged to swim a few yards and wade to the shore. Violetta would have been at a loss had it not been for her expert squire. She accepted his assistance and they were soon on the beach, without any
luggage

luggage except Grouvelle's lute, in which his whole fortune consisted.

They now sought for a tree or some over hanging rock to shelter themselves from the heat of the sun, while the sailors strolled into the country to discover the nature of the land to which chance had brought them. There was, however, no appearance of the country being inhabited. On every side were plains and groves, which owed their richness to nature alone; no where appeared the laborious traces of the plough, or the edge of the bill and shears. The deer that pastured on the plain, and the bird that skipped from branch to branch, suffered itself to be approached without fear: apparently the only inhabitants of these peaceful retreats, they had never yet known an enemy; they were ignorant of the danger of nets and snares, of the mortal effect of the arrow and the spear.

At length it was necessary to seek a shelter for the night. Tourville's mistress, leaning on the arm of her deliverer, walked to a grove about half a mile from the sea-side. It was thick enough to shelter her from the dews: within it they found a carpet of flowery turf on the margin of a cool and crystalline rivulet, and on the return of hunger they had but to stretch forth their hand and gather around them. Branches bending under the weight of oranges, pomegranates, and sweet lemons, seemed seeking a hand to relieve them.

The comforts of such an asylum may be easily imagined. The lady seated herself, and a repast worthy of the simplicity of the golden age was prepared and soon dispatched. Hunger was allayed, but the fruits, delicious as they were, created a thirst. To quench hers Violetta stooped to take up some water in the palm of her hand.

hand. The channel of the brook lay too low and under a hollow bank, so that her efforts to reach it were in vain, and she could not manage to moisten her parched lips.

On this Grouvelle (for love and wit turn all things to use) took his lute, that lute which he esteemed unique of its kind, broke off the table, cleaned it, and filling it with water presented it to the thirsting beauty, who drank and found the pleasure of her draught improved by the new invented cup.

Towards the conclusion of the repast night came on, and a sensible change took place in the temperature of the air. The wind rose higher and became more chilly: the tree at the foot of which Violetta had seated herself, was but a poor defence against it, and she complained. Grouvelle approached her, timidly no doubt, but close, and even daring to

throw his arm over her. She was astonished at it, but this astonishment gave way to one of a very different nature; she was surprised to discover that she was not angry.

She was not perhaps at the end of her discoveries when an unexpected accident suddenly extricated her.

CHAP. VIII.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew !
 Than one of these same metre-ballad mongers :
 I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
 Or a dry-wheel grate on the axle-tree,
 And that would nothing set my teeth an edge,
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

WE left Tourville and Joe entering a solitary inn. Violetta's lover with his visor up had returned to a private room, while his squire going into the common hall sat himself down at the round table where the landlord, a man who had a very good opinion of himself, monopolized all the talk.

" Devil take the Saracens," said he,
 " for carrying away our nobility—save
 " and except, however, our Countess's

“ son ; who may go beyond sea if he
 “ will—I am sure nobody will go after
 “ him.

“ He came here last year shooting over
 “ our farm and killed our dog. Jack,
 “ my boy, on seeing it, began to cry, for
 “ Jack has a good heart. Seigneur Da-
 “ gobert gave him a blow on the face that
 “ swelled the poor child's cheek as big
 “ my head. They say that he went and
 “ earthed himself I don't know where,
 “ and that he was dug out like a we-
 “ ther. He was galloping like a mad-
 “ man after Madam Hippolita's gallant,
 “ and harum scarum in he plunged ; but
 “ he had not sense enough to break his
 “ neck. By-the-by, our man, who is just
 “ come from town, brings word that she
 “ is dead in consequence of her lying-in :
 “ ay, ay, they must have fretted her to
 “ death. It is a great pity ; we loved
 “ her as our own bowels ; that we did.
 “ Who

“ Who would have thought that she
 “ could have forgot herself so ? Yet the
 “ gallant was worth the while too :
 “ Lord ! they should have given her to
 “ him ; that’s my opinion. We have
 “ but one daughter, thank God ! She
 “ is no higher than a quart mug, and
 “ she chatters already like a magpie :
 “ she’ll have plenty of sweethearts by-
 “ and-by, you may see it in her face ;
 “ but let any one cozen her that dares,
 “ he shall see who’s the fool.

“ To be sure, Margaret and I did the
 “ same thing, but then the priest did his
 “ duty afterwards, and do you see any
 “ difference now ? There she is, just as
 “ sweet a faint as any other, and though
 “ the pear was very ripe——hollo !
 “ huffey ! do you grin ? Come soldier,”
 continued he, addressing Joe, “ don’t
 “ stare at her so, you will make her im-
 “ pudent. It costs us country folks dear

“ to plant plumes in your caps, and when
“ you plant our heads you pay nothing at
“ all for it : the trick is not christian-like ;
“ and yet you have a fine cross there on
“ your stomach. If taking the cross was
“ all, we might have done it with the rest
“ of them, and look at that there rapier
“ hanging up, it would have cleft you an
“ infidel in two like a turnip ; but then
“ we must have left our Margaret be-
“ hind, and I believe she’s a cross likely
“ enough to find a road to heaven for
“ me. What say to it Mr. Soldier ?
“ You look to be a recruit to this fine
“ warrior who has shown us only his
“ iron case. Don’t you be foolish
“ enough to go for nothing. Come,
“ let’s drink to King Philip. They say
“ that in that there country we split the
“ skulls of infidels down to the very
“ gizzard, to show them what it is to
“ deny God. A devilish good argument,
“ and

“ and will convert them better than all the
 “ sermons in the world. I wish all their
 “ bones were dry already ; for I have
 “ made a vow to go a pilgrimage to the
 “ holy sepulchre when there are no more
 “ of those dirty dogs in the way. But
 “ to go back to our own master ; Sigis-
 “ mond should have let those go first
 “ who were in the greatest hurry ; he
 “ would always have found enough for
 “ those to do who remained. The
 “ Countess Sybilla seems determined to
 “ take her swing while she has elbow-
 “ room. They say that she has had all
 “ who knew any thing of the Prin-
 “ cess’s amour arrested, and that she
 “ means to hang them without dis-
 “ tinction, men and women. On t’other
 “ hand, the Princess Hippolita’s cousin
 “ has raised a party. He was the bosom
 “ friend of her gallant ; they called them-
 “ selves brothers ; but when honour is

m 6

“ in

“ in question every thing gives way :
“ they met near Blois, drew their swords,
“ and I would not for the world have
“ been in the place of either of them.
“ When swordsmen of such skill drive at
“ one another ; it must be a miracle if
“ either of them escape. Fegs ! its a
“ pity ; they were fine fellows. No
“ pride : the one would shake your hand
“ as if he was neither more nor less than
“ yourself, and the other would leave a
“ crown in your palm. This one was
“ a pretty poet too—ah ! he’ll write no
“ more ballads. Margaret, you shall
“ sing us the one you know of his that’s so
“ pretty. I don’t understand any thing
“ of it, yet it makes me cry like a calf.
“ But I am still sorrier for the other. He
“ was as stright as a rush. What a look
“ he had ! When he spoke you would
“ have thought yourself bewitched, and
“ yet it was only kind words ; but then he
“ was

“ was so good ! Last autumn, as I was
 “ going to the fair at Marmontier, he
 “ was passing me with his company, in a
 “ confounded road, just as my cart over-
 “ turned. Didn’t he stop and have it
 “ set up ! I saw him put his hand to it
 “ himself. I hardly knew whether I stood
 “ on my head or my heels, I was so
 “ ashamed ; yet he said to me, me who
 “ am but a ploughman, that he was very
 “ happy to be of use to me. Oddsbud !
 “ if he was not dead, I would spill every
 “ drop of my blood for him. Mind sol-
 “ dier, we have our heart in our hand ;
 “ let the Countess hang us with the rest
 “ if she please, but we will always love
 “ our master who is a good prince, his
 “ dead daughter who took after him, in
 “ spite of her fault, ay, and him too who
 “ was the cause of it ; for he would not
 “ have deceived her ; he would have
 “ made it all up, if they would have let
 “ him.

“him. These are the people for us,
“and the devil take the rest.”

Here ended the historical and jocose colloquy which the innkeeper held with himself. Joe’s heart beat, his feet burnt, and off he ran to his master. “Oh !
“Sir,” cried he with tears in his eyes,
“she is dead : It is all over the
“town.”

“Dead !” said Tourville, “whom
“do you mean ?” “Hippolita,” replied Joe, “the Princess Hippolita.” He then gave an account of all he had heard from the innkeeper.

“This unfortunate intelligence,” said Tourville, “has but too great an appearance of truth. Of Dagobert’s adventure I know nothing, but it is clear
“that the public are uncertain of the fate
“of Egremont, and that the motives of my
“pretended pursuit are not suspected : I
“fear every thing, however, as to Vio-
“letta

“ letta and myself. I know how vin-
 “ dictive and hypocritical the Countess
 “ is, and how far hatred and resentment
 “ can carry her. You must go without
 “ delay to Tours and see her from me :
 “ say that a fall from my horse the con-
 “ sequences of which I still feel, prevents
 “ me from waiting upon her immediately.
 “ At the same time prepare every thing
 “ at home for my return ; try too to
 “ find and see the friend of Hippolita, if
 “ possible, and procure intelligence of all
 “ that concerns either of them. Make
 “ your observations on the looks of
 “ Sybilla’s confidents, and return to me
 “ with a Squire and another of my best
 “ saddle horses.” Joe made his bow,
 and lost no time in obeying his master’s
 orders.

Time passed on, Tourville feigned in-
 disposition and eat little. On the fourth
 day after his squire’s departure, anxious
 and

and weary as he lay in bed, he bethought himself, though rather late, to relieve his mind by having recourse to his talent for composition, and he began to write a ballad.

The subject was arranged in a moment, and the first line made off hand : it is to be observed that he composed both tune and words at the same time. Tourville therefore sung his line :

Swains, have you seen fair Theudelinda ?

After this effort he paused to think. Perhaps there was some difficulty in finding a rhyme ; perhaps he was puzzled in the arrangement of the syllables. He repeated :

Swains, have you seen fair Theudelinda ?

Then paused again : he accused his imagination of dullness, and to warm it he sung again his first line in a higher pitch.

He

He sung it a fourth and a fifth time, again paused, and again sung it above twenty times, with short pauses at each effort.

The man of the house being in the yard heard indistinctly the sound of his voice: "Margaret," cried he to his wife, "go to the chamber of that gentleman upstairs; I think he calls."

Margaret went up, and listening at the door heard at different times enquiries made for fair Theudelinda. The tone of voice was not absolutely a cry, nor was it exactly singing. Margaret ventured to open the door and say; "Do you want any thing, Sir?"—"No, no, no," replied the Knight, enclosed by curtains, "I wish to be left quiet."

Margaret went away, and going to her husband; "John," said she, "the gentleman is sicker than we think for: the smith is coming to-day to dress the one-eyed mare, we had better
" make

“ make him kill two birds with one
“ stone.”

She had scarcely said this when Joe returned, and she told him what she had heard, but with some degree of caution, for fear of alarming him. On which he went up to his master, and after paying his respects “ Pray, Sir,” said he, “ who
“ is the lady Theudelinda ?”—“ She was
“ an ancient queen of the Goths,” replied Tourville. “ The landlord and landlady
“ say you have done nothing but cry for
“ her :” said the Squire. “ They are
“ idiots ;” cried the Knight ; “ but
“ what have you done ? and what has
“ kept you so long ?”

“ You will not be pleased, Sir,” replied Joe : “ I am come back alone, and
“ have very little to tell you, though I
“ did every thing I could to make the
“ best of my time.

“ The Countess says she is sorry for
“ your

“ your accident, and would have sent
 “ you a surgeon, but that all the faculty
 “ are attending the Count Dagobert,
 “ who has broke his neck, I don’t know
 “ how, nor where. Not a word could
 “ I learn of Hippolita or Egremont.
 “ Duval and some domestics are in prison,
 “ but what is meant to be done with them
 “ is not known. It was thought that you
 “ might have set out soon to join my
 “ lord the Count who was travelling in
 “ haste towards Provence, and baggage
 “ was sent after you. But what will
 “ surprise and afflict you perhaps is that
 “ Madam Violetta disappeared soon after
 “ you left Tours. She told one of her
 “ people privately that she should retire
 “ to a convent at Poitiers.

“ Oh ! Heaven !” said the Knight,
 sitting up and clasping his hands, “ to
 “ lose at once a beloved relation, a bosom
 “ friend, and a mistress !

He

He staid no longer, but shutting up his tablets leaped out of bed, dressed himself, and put on his armour, then sallying from the inn took the road to Poitiers, where he soon arrived.

He ran from nunnery to nunnery hoping, but in vain, to discover the convent that contained the object of his heart; till at last it occurred to him that Violetta, to prevent her being molested on the road, might have given a different report from her real plan; that the steps he was taking were fruitless, and that it was time for him to repair to the standard of Sigismond, as any other conduct might be liable to misrepresentation: he therefore mounted his horse and pushed on towards Provence.

One day about noon passing through a hamlet in Limousin, he stopped to admire the beauties of its situation. It was built in the form of an amphitheatre on
the

the side of a hill. The eye, caught by different curtains formed by scattered groves and hills at unequal distances, wandered agreeably over picturesque points of view, of which the charming variety surpassed all the master pieces of art.

On one side a small stream falling in a cascade from the top of a rock which overhung a little hermitage ran whitening over pebbles and was lost to the sight among willows, at the end of which it reappeared and after meandering in a narrow channel through the meadow, expanded by means of a sluice, into a fine sheet of water, in the middle of which, thrown up by the power of art, it was seen sparkling in the air and falling back in crystal globes.

On the other side a noble road after some way skirting entered an immense forest : at a distance were seen bridges
and

and aqueducts, on which the hand of Time was visible, but the antiquity of which was still far more clearly marked by their exquisite boldness than by their ruins.

Delighted with the smiling appearance of the spot, the Knight resolved to stop and rest himself here awhile. Having taken some slight refreshment at a house of one of the villagers, he walked out with Joe to take the air and amuse himself. He strolled to a large open square where a holiday suspending the daily labours of the peasant had brought together the whole parish round a spreading beech, beneath whose shade the innocent assembly were enjoying their simple pleasures.

At a table raised on two stools stood a droll with a merry countenance, who, making the four strings of a bad violin swear to his bow, was singing away as
loud

loud as he could in a hoarse voice, but full of gaiety and fire.

Joy sparkled in the eyes and on the countenances of all present, and broke out in the attitudes and acclamations of the audience intoxicated with pleasure. Big and little, fat and lean, old and young, took hands, and formed themselves into dancing groups: nothing was seen on every side but capering, leaping, gambols and tumbles: the old people sitting in the shade laughing and prattling at their ease, seemed to live again in the delight of their children. They encouraged, they enlivened them by their remarks and looks, and danced those who were too young and too little to mingle in the crowd, in their arms and on their knees. Every now and then was heard a chorus that awakened distant echoes.

Mean-

Meanwhile rustic but delicious presents, cheese, fruit, milk, and vegetables poured from every quarter to enrich the sideboard of the happy droll, who squinting on the little profusion in which he was going to swim, encreased his jollity, and gave himself up with all his heart to the raptures he had inspired.

Tourville and Joe looked on apparently very quietly. "What gaiety Joe!" said the Knight: "see how the populace enjoy themselves!"

"These people have but little," replied the Squire, "and are easily amused: it would be a wretched world if there was no pleasure but for the rich and powerful—"

"And does not that rogue that sings at such a rate," said the Knight, "seem very much satisfied with himself?"

"He has reason to be so," replied the Squire,

Squire, "for every body seems to be
 "satisfied with him: and in the occupa-
 "tion he follows, to please is every thing,
 "no matter for the means."

"I really envy him," said the Knight:
 "the crowd around him are vulgar to
 "be sure, but he makes a strong impres-
 "sion on them; and in short he shines
 "in his little circle; he has neither ri-
 "vale nor critics; he hears nothing but
 "applause."

"And of course," replied the Squire,
 "can have no glory: his success is of
 "present use to him, but it passes
 "away."

"I have taken a fancy into my head,"
 said Tourville; "for a long time I have
 "been only embarrassed and plagued
 "with my own affairs and those of my
 "friends. I may now relax a little, and
 "enter into some amusement. I am en-
 "tirely unknown in this place, and as I

“ shall remain here the rest of the day, I
 “ should get tired. I will put on a dis-
 “ guise proper for the part I mean to
 “ play, while you go to the singer and
 “ give him some money from me to let
 “ me take his place for a little while.
 “ I wish to let these folks hear some airs
 “ a little better turned than those with
 “ which they have been regaled ; and,
 “ as they appear to have feeling, it will
 “ amuse me to observe the effect I pro-
 “ duce upon them.”

At his master's proposal Joe retreated
 two steps. Astonishment was painted in
 his attitude and on his countenance.

“ You ! Sir ? ” cried he.

“ Yes, I : ” replied the Knight ; “ is
 “ there in my intention any thing to
 “ shock you ? ”

“ Every thing to shock me,” exclaim-
 ed the Squire : “ you are a nobleman
 “ of distinction ; I am a person of little

“ note,

“note, your vassal, receiving from you
 “the wages of service, yet would I not,
 “for any money, make a show of my-
 “self in this way.”

“You are too scrupulous,” rejoined
 the Knight: “however, though un-
 “known I do not mean to appear en-
 “tirely unmasked, but only to amuse,
 “without committing, myself.”

Joe was more and more surprised as
 he became fully convinced that his master
 was serious in making this extraordinary
 proposal. At last he thought himself
 bound in duty to expostulate with him
 against it.

“No, Sir, no,” said he, “I cannot
 “carry such a message from you to that
 “man, and if you want a second in this
 “adventure, pray find some one who is
 “less solicitous for your fame. You
 “have always had a taste for appearing
 “in public: I never could think it very
 “becoming

“ becoming. But that, situated as you
 “ are, you should think of entering into
 “ competition with a wretched ballad-
 “ finger for the honour of amusing some
 “ hundred peasants, is what I can never
 “ be insincere enough to approve. Nay,
 “ reflect that you are not sure of the
 “ success of this ridiculous undertaking,
 “ in which you would have to contend
 “ against a man born no doubt in the
 “ profession he follows, and perfectly ac-
 “ quainted with the stage on which he is
 “ mounted. His audience are suited to
 “ his singing and his voice, and you will
 “ have no advantage over him on his
 “ boards, for though you may be the
 “ twentieth Knight of your family, you
 “ are but the first ballad-finger of the
 “ name.”

“ Joe!” replied Tourville, sharply,
 and in a manner to show his dislike to
 being lectured, “ I have often told you,
 “ but

“ but never more àpropos, that you are a
 “ mere pedant, and foolish prater,”

This was all the answer the good Squire received from his master, who returned to the cottage at which he had put up, where he regularly prepared himself for the new part which he was determined to play.

He threw over his shoulders some of the torn clothes which he had brought away from Strigellina's palace, and which were still among his travelling things: He put a large patch over one of his eyes, disguised the rest of his face with some of his hair, which he put into disorder; to look clownish he put on a coarse hat which he found at hand, and, making his way through the crowd, went up to the stage occupied by Poinciron, which was the name of the buffoon, who was entertaining the rustics. Joe followed his master, but at a distance for fear of discovering him. The faithful fellow

was thoughtful and vexed. He stamped, twisted his arms, bit his lips, and turned up his eyes ; but the Knight saw none of these different motions, and being obstinately bent on his project, thus addressed Poinciron.

“ Why, brother, you must be tired,
 “ for you have been long at work I un-
 “ derstand. I am but just come, am of
 “ the profession, and fresh ; I will, if you
 “ like, entertain these good folks with
 “ something in our way while you rest a
 “ little. I am not interested and have
 “ no notion of sharing any of your
 “ profits.”

“ Comrade,” replied Poinciron, “ you
 “ come exceedingly àpropos, for my
 “ stomach is as empty as my fiddle.
 “ Come up, I don’t care for interest more
 “ than you, if you have not an instru-
 “ ment, take mine, and don’t be afraid
 “ of it.”

Saying

Saying this, Poinciron gave up his place, and going down seated himself on the grass where he fell at once on a loaf, an onion, and a leg of mutton, with an appetite that might have done credit to two ploughmen.

Tourville's first effort was to put the violin in tune, and he succeeded at length, it being perhaps the first and the last time it ever was so. He could both bow and finger well. He played a charming prelude, in the course of which he now and then harmonized with his voice: this was feeble and something worn, but airy and scientific.

The dancers quitted their places, and the crowd pressed round the new performer impatient for his song, which he thus began:

When hope endears the lover's pain,
 And soothes the enamour'd heart ;
 When beauty smiles to hear the strain,
 How pleasing is the smart !

The Knight here stopped a moment to examine in the looks of his audience the effect produced by his opening. There was nothing yet decisive : they opened their mouths and eyes wide, and looked at one another, but said not a word : Tourville continued :

But if despair the sting encrease,
 And every hope remove ———

The assembly did not appear to be much delighted. Some shook their heads, others shrugged their shoulders, and made signs not very favourable to the new performer, who not perceiving these tokens of disgust, or interpreting them in
 his

his favour, went on with all the ardour of a first rate amateur :

If beauty beam no ray of peace,
How dreadful 'tis to love !

Here the rustics interrupted the musician with their hooting. A sturdy well-built peasant, the cock of the parish, jumped upon the boards, and seizing the singer by the arm ; “ Get away,” cries Joe, “ you know nothing about it. We don’t like you—We will have Poinciron—Come up Poinciron.”

“ Odszookers ! my good fellow,” said Poinciron, with his mouth full, “ give one time to eat; every body must live.”

“ Right ! right !” cried the people, one and all, “ eat away, but send that squeaking pig about his business, and in the mean time we will go and play at prisoner’s base or blindman’s buff.”

What

What shame, confusion, vexation, rage, and fury took possession of the Knight! he was within an ace of breaking the fiddle he had in his hand on the head of his rude antagonist, at the risk of being mauled to death, and of abusing all the audience, but Joe, who guessed his master's intentions by the agitation he saw him in, went up to him and pulling him forcibly by the sleeve of his doublet led him away. "Come," said he, "come away, don't you see that you are not fit for the business you undertake?"

Joe's voice and action brought Tourville to himself; he went down from the boards ashamed, and quietly followed his squire. The crowd opened to make a passage for them, applauding Joe's remark, and bidding the disgraced singer to go along. "The gentleman is right, you are only fit for a funeral, go along."

Here was abundance of subject for

con-

confusion, and yet, as if it had not been complete enough, the very children and dogs mingled in the noise, following and harassing the poor poet, till he got to an orchard at some distance from the scene of his disgrace : there he went up to a hedge, and threw himself down on the turf behind it.

The faithful Joe, keeping aloof that the Knight's real character might run no risk of being known, followed his master with his eyes, and going round about soon joined him. He found him stretched along motionless, with his face to the ground, and approaching spoke to him and compelled him to look up. "What, sir," cried he, "will you
 "suffer yourself to be dejected by this
 "ridiculous affair? Your triumph could
 "have been but trifling, and there is no-
 "thing vexatious in your failure. I see
 "nothing in your adventure but what is
 "laugh-

" laughable, and as the ridicule of it falls
 " on one who is not known to any body,
 " and whom nobody will seek to know,
 " pray rise, and resolve to laugh at it
 " yourself." Joe spoke in a gay manner,
 but without the least mixture of
 raillery.

Tourville, expecting to be blamed and
 rallied, was charmed with his squire's
 style, and was presently at his ease:
 " You will allow, Joe," said he, " that
 " I had to do with a pack of dolts. A
 " song that has given such delight!"—

" And what could put it into your
 " head, sir," said Joe, " to go and sing
 " your dying strains to a parcel of coun-
 " try boobies? Are these the people to
 " understand or feel such notes? Your
 " song may be excellent in a lady's dress-
 " ing room, or in the fashionable circles
 " of Tours: here, it is good for nothing.
 " Joking apart, if I may be allowed to
 " speak.

“ speak my sentiment, your opening
 “ seemed to me sad and sweet: you
 “ know, sir, I am no pretender.”

“ And that rogue of a buffoon ;” said
 Tourville, “ I’ll be bound for it he was
 “ very well pleased at the bottom of his
 “ heart, to see me dismissed so shame-
 “ fully.”

“ If he knew you, sir,” replied Joe,
 “ that might have been the case ; for
 “ there is a great deal of pleasure in laugh-
 “ ing at the follies of the great ; especially
 “ at those which depend entirely upon
 “ themselves. In other respects, your
 “ competitor seemed to me a good fellow,
 “ sure of what he was about. I observed
 “ him in the course of the scene ; his
 “ jaws never ceased working for a mo-
 “ ment ; I even thought I saw on his
 “ countenance that, as much as his ap-
 “ petite would allow, he honoured your
 “ misfortune with a degree of pity.”

“ Joe,”

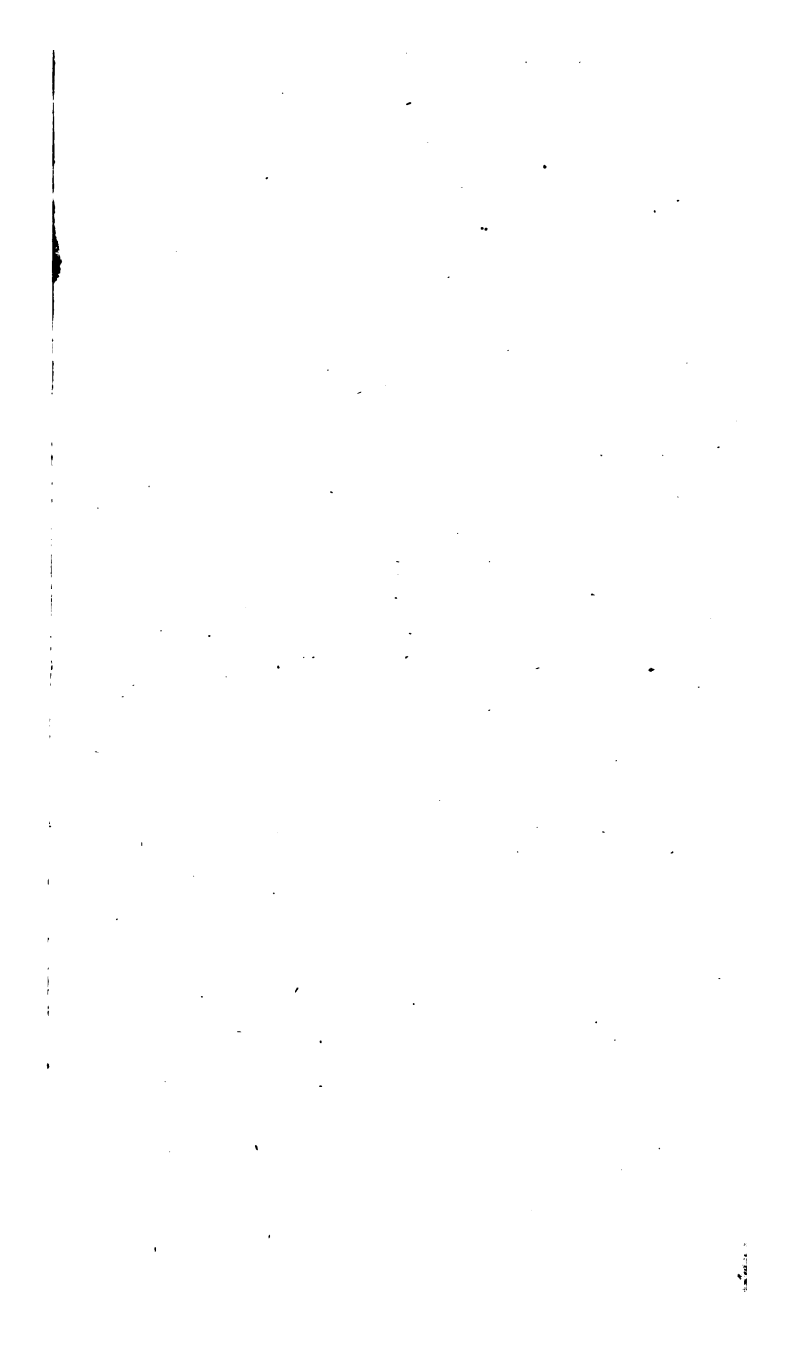
“ Joe,” said Tourville, pulling off the patch that still covered his eye, “ this is
 “ a good lesson. It is better to receive it
 “ from this public than in any other way.”

“ It is clear,” replied the Squire,
 “ that there has been no party business
 “ here. It is hazardous, Sir, to have to
 “ do with the public of every sort and
 “ place : now as there are people who
 “ have no other employment than that
 “ of exposing themselves to this hazard,
 “ for the purpose of amusing or of in-
 “ structing the public, let us leave them
 “ to their business and mind our own,
 “ which is good and honourable. Be
 “ advised by me, sir ; we have but one
 “ evidence of our own adventure, which
 “ we must dexterously get rid of to
 “ prevent its deposing its testimony
 “ against us. Off with that cursed doub-
 “ let, and let us bury it ten feet under
 “ ground : I’ll go and bring you proper
 “ clothes,

“ clothes, and as the day begins to shut
“ in, let us quietly betake ourselves to bed
“ and go to sleep, that we may be ready
“ to start on our journey by day-break.”

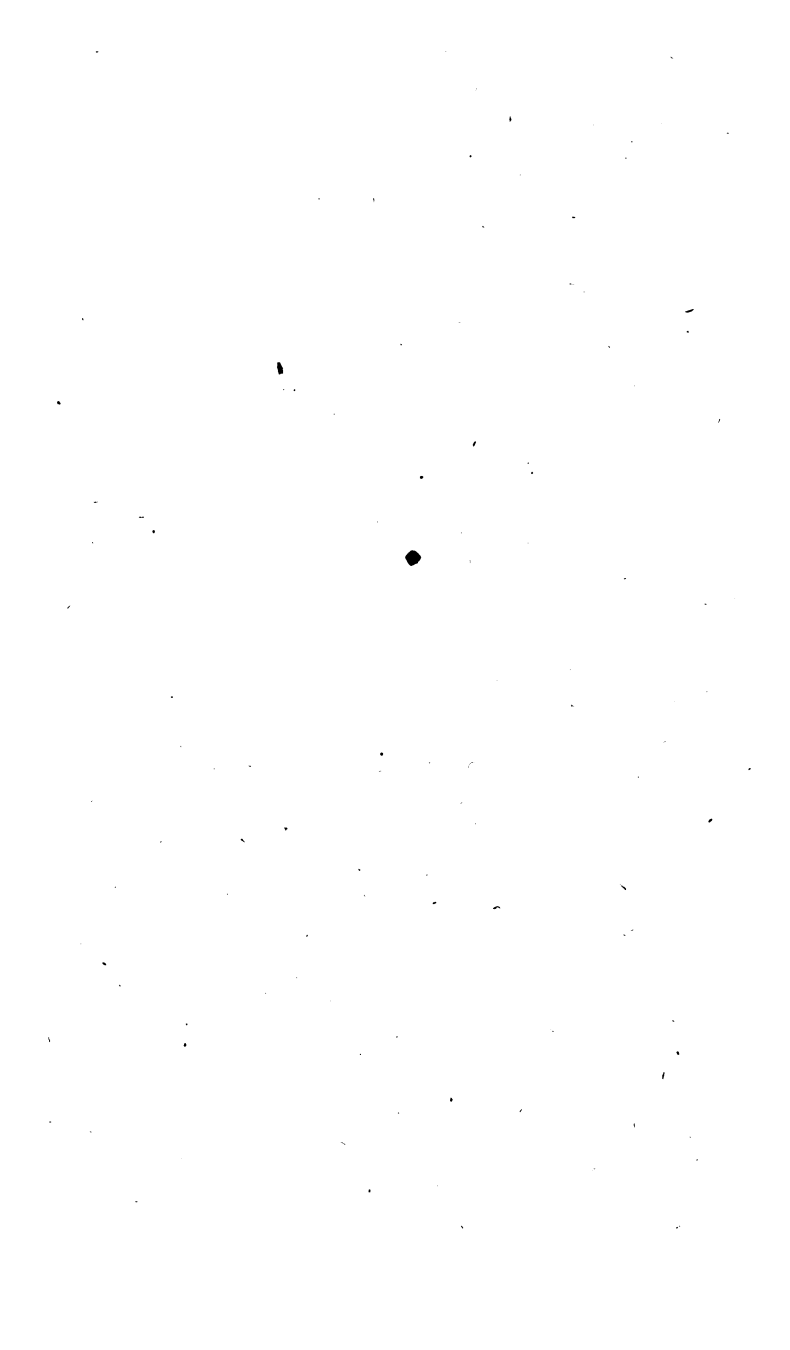
Joe's plan was approved by his master,
and was accordingly executed in every
particular.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.











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